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(JAMES HOLMES, TOOK'S COURT.)

REVIEWS.

Second Voyage of Discovery to the Arctic Regions. By Capt. Ross, R.N. 4to., with numerous plates. London: published by the Author by subscription.

We seized on this ponderous quarto with an impatience which delay in its publication had in no way abated, and, presuming that the public are as anxious as ourselves to peep into it, and thus fathom the heart of that mystery, which silence has thrown around this expedition, we shall proceed at once to give our readers some account of its contents, reserving all criticism for a future occasion.

This last attempt to find a north-west passage, was, it may be remembered, a private adventure. The government were grown weary of expeditions, all ending, one after another, in disappointment. But though every reasonable man had long been satisfied that no commercial advantages could arise from further investigation, not even from the discovery of such a passage, still it was not without regret they heard that all attempts were to be abandoned, and the problem to remain for ever unsolved. For more than three centuries the subject had occupied public attention: numberless attempts had been made, and England had been foremost in exertion; and the daring, skill, and enterprise of her officers, had latterly done much in the way of discovery, though these discoveries tended only to narrow the chances of success. Some, more sanguine, still entertained hopes of the possibility of finding a passage through Prince Regent's Inlet. There was known to be an open sea at the farthest point reached by the *Fury*, and on the opposite shore at Cape Turnagain, which had been visited through Behring's Straits, and these two points were only separated a few hundred miles. Upon the strength of these facts, Capt. Ross determined to try his fortune once again, and either to accomplish the object by sailing through the strait, if such existed, or prove that the continent of America shut out all chance of success by this inlet.

A private individual, a citizen of London, Mr. (now Sir Felix) Booth, nobly undertook to defray the expenses of the expedition. From experience, Capt. Ross was of opinion that a steam vessel would give him the best chance of success; in these northern latitudes, when the sea is open, the wind is usually adverse, and the small draft of water would give such a vessel great advantages over a sailing ship. Accordingly, such a vessel was purchased, new patent engines were put into her, and all due preparation having been made, the *Victory*, (so she was named,) in company with a store-ship, intended to carry stores and provisions as far as Prince Regent's Inlet, sailed from the River Thames on the 23rd of May 1829, with the anxious good wishes of all, but fearful forebodings of the more experienced. Misfortunes at the outset were sad prognos-

tications of the future: the inefficiency of the engine was shown in the first few hours; and we may state, at once, that it was found so wholly unserviceable, that it was eventually taken out and thrown away; and the crew of the store-ship mutinied, and refused to proceed on the voyage.

Notwithstanding these and many other discouraging circumstances, Capt. Ross never, for a moment, hesitated to proceed; and after encountering much rough weather, they reached Davis's Straits early in July, and on the 23rd touched at the Danish settlement of Holsteinborg, where they were received with great cordiality. Having made some needful repairs, and supplied themselves with many things wanting, from the wreck of a London whaler, they sailed again on the 26th. On the 30th they first saw ice, and they entered Lancaster Sound on the 6th of August.

They now proceeded down the Sound, and direct for Prince Regent's Inlet. On the 12th of August they reached the immediate neighbourhood of the spot where the *Fury* was wrecked.

"The *Victory* being now securely moored in a good ice harbour, within a quarter of a mile of the place where the *Fury's* stores were landed, we were anxious to examine the spot; and having ordered the men a good meal, with the rest to which they were so well entitled, I landed at nine with Commander Ross, Mr. Thom, and the surgeon. We found the coast almost lined with coal; and it was with no common interest that we proceeded to the only tent which remained entire. This had been the mess tent of the *Fury's* officers; but it was too evident that the bears had been paying frequent visits. There had been a pocket near the door where Commander Ross had left his memorandum book and specimens of birds; but it was torn down, without leaving a fragment of what it contained. The sides of the tent were also in many places torn out of the ground, but it was in other respects entire.

"Where the preserved meats and vegetables had been deposited, we found everything entire. The canisters had been piled up in two heaps; but though quite exposed to all the chances of the climate, for four years, they had not suffered in the slightest degree. There had been no water to rust them, and the security of the joinings had prevented the bears from smelling their contents. Had they known what was within, not much of this provision would have come to our share, and they would have had more reason than we to be thankful for Mr. Donkin's patent. On examining the contents, they were not found frozen, nor did the taste of the several articles appear to have been in the least degree altered. This was indeed no small satisfaction; as it was not our luxury, but our very existence and the prospect of success, which were implicated in this most gratifying discovery. The wine, spirits, sugar, bread, flour, and cocoa, were in equally good condition, with exception of a part of the latter which had been lodged in provision casks. The lime juice and the pickles had not suffered much: and even the sails, which had been well made up, were not only dry, but seemed as if they had never been wetted. It was remarkable,

however, that while the spun yarn was bleached white, all appearance and smell of tar had vanished from it.

"We proceeded now to the beach where the *Fury* had been abandoned, but not a trace of her hull was to be seen. There were many opinions; but all were equally at liberty to conjecture what had become of the wreck. Having often seen, however, what the moving masses of ice could do on this coast, it was not difficult to guess in general what we could not explain in detail. She had been carried bodily off, or had been ground to atoms and floated away to add to the drift timber of these seas. At any rate, she was not to be found; we had seen no appearance of her during the ten miles that we had coasted within pistol-shot of the shore to the southward of this place, and we now examined it for two miles to the northward with no better success.

"We therefore returned on board, and made preparations for embarking a sufficiency of stores and provisions to complete our equipment for two years and three months; being what we expected to want on the one hand, and to obtain on the other. I need not say that it was an occurrence not less novel than interesting, to find in this abandoned region of solitude and ice and rocks, a ready market where we could supply all our wants, and, collected in one spot, all the materials for which we should have searched the warehouses of Wapping or Rotherhithe: all ready to be shipped when we chose, and all free of cost; since it was the certainty of this supply (and a well-grounded one it proved), that had formed the foundation of the present expedition.

"A list of our wants was accordingly made out by Mr. Thom, who remained on board to receive the stores, together with the leading mate and a few hands. On shore, the rest of the crew were ready with the boats to receive and transport whatever was to be taken; and the steward together with the surgeon were employed in selecting whatever appeared to be of the best quality. Yet all that we could possibly stow away seemed scarcely to diminish the piles of canisters, of which we embarked whatever we could, together with such flour, cocoa, and sugar, as we wanted; all that we took being in excellent condition.

"We continued our embarkations this day, [Aug. 14] including ten tons of coals; and, after allowing the men some rest, we contrived to get these, together with all the provisions and a part of the stores, on board before dinner time. We had found the spare mizen topmast of the *Fury*; and this was selected by the carpenter for a new boom, in place of the one that we had lost. We also got some anchors and hawsers, together with some boatswain's and carpenter's stores to make up our deficiencies. Some of the best of the sails were taken to make housings; having found that belonging to the *Fury* damaged from having been ill made up, and from having lain in a situation which prevented the melted snow from running off. A skreen lined with farnought was also found in tolerable condition; but the bears had overset the harness cask, and devoured nearly the whole of the contents. We found that some of the candle boxes had been entered, either by ermines or mice; one of them being entirely emptied, and the others partially. Though bleached, and especially on the upper side, as I already remarked of the spun yarn, none of the ropes were rotten, the cables seemed perfect; and thence we concluded that the can-

vas of the tents had merely been blown away by the wind, after the bears had loosened the cloths at the foot, in attempting an entrance.

"The chain cable and the carronades were more or less covered by the small stones on the beach, and except being slightly rusted, were just as they had been left. The powder magazine, detached from the rest of the store, was unroofed, and the waterproof cloth of it in tatters; but the patent cases had kept the gun-powder itself perfectly dry."

Of the difficulties now encountered, in consequence of the defective state of the engine—of their exertions, their hopes, and their disappointments, and their critical situation upon more than one occasion, a few extracts may suffice to convey an idea to the reader. Thus, Capt. Ross observes—

"The change of tide, and that a rapid one, setting to the westward, drove us from our place of refuge; and we were carried within three yards of some rocks which were just under water, at the narrowest part of the point. Believing that we might succeed in rounding this place, and thus getting into what seemed to be still water, we laboured hard by warping; there being a small creek immediately beyond it which held out a promise of security. This, most unluckily, proved to be a whirlpool: and having been turned round by it many times, for more than an hour, we were obliged to leave it, and trust ourselves once more to the confusion without. Thus situated, no resource was left but to attach ourselves to a mass of ice which was floating along in the middle of the stream; hoping thus to escape a repetition of what we had just been enduring.

"We were thus at length extricated, but not without undergoing heavy pressure; our iceberg carrying us to the westward, even against a strong wind. The tide, however, diminished in force as we proceeded; and as the smaller pieces of ice now sailing with us did not drift so fast as that to which we were attached, the whole became at length so slack that we were able to make sail before noon, and at last got into clear water.

"The danger, however, was not yet over; since we were subject to be carried back by the next tide, unless we could get out of its influence before the change. But the wind was right against us, and we could expect to make little progress, with our sails, and such a vessel, by plying to windward; while, to anchor in a tideway like this, was out of the question. Thus we soon found that we were losing ground; but at four o'clock we began to gain considerably, when it fell suddenly calm. A harbour now appearing not far off, in the nearest land, we contrived to warp into it by means of the boats, and found good shelter behind a reef of rocks, lined by icebergs, within a cable's length of the shore; making fast to two of these masses which were aground in four fathoms water.

"More than I among us had witnessed similar scenes, and, in some manner or other, we had been extricated; but, with all this, we could not but feel astonishment, as well as gratitude, at our having escaped here without material damage. For readers, it is unfortunate that no description can convey an idea of a scene of this nature; and, as to the pencil, it cannot represent motion, or noise. And to those who have not seen a northern ocean in winter—who have not seen it, I should say, in a winter's storm—the term ice, exciting but the recollection of what they only know at rest, in an inland lake or canal, conveys no idea of what it is the fate of an arctic navigator to witness and to feel. But let them remember that ice is stone; a floating rock in the stream, a promontory or an island when aground, not less solid than if it were a land of granite. Then let them imagine,

if they can, these mountains of crystal hurled through a narrow strait by a rapid tide; meeting, as mountains in motion would meet, with the noise of thunder, breaking from each other's precipices huge fragments, or rending each other asunder, till, losing their former equilibrium, they fall over headlong, lifting the sea around in breakers, and whirling it in eddies; while the flatter fields of ice, forced against these masses, or against the rocks, by the wind and the stream, rise out of the sea till they fall back on themselves, adding to the indescribable commotion and noise which attend these occurrences.

"It is not a little, too, to know and to feel our utter helplessness in these cases. There is not a moment in which it can be conjectured what will happen in the next: there is not one which may not be the last; and yet that next moment may bring rescue and safety. It is a strange, as it is an anxious position; and, if fearful, often giving no time for fear, so unexpected is every event, and so quick the transitions. If the noise, and the motion, and the hurry in everything around, are distracting, if the attention is troubled to fix on anything amid such confusion, still must it be alive, that it may seize on the single moment of help or escape which may occur. Yet with all this, and it is the hardest task of all, there is nothing to be acted, no effort to be made: and though the very sight of the movement around inclines the seaman to be himself busy, while we can scarcely repress the instinct that directs us to help ourselves in cases of danger, he must be patient, as if he were unconcerned or careless; waiting as he best can for the fate, be it what it may, which he cannot influence or avoid."

On the 30th of September it was considered that all hopes of making further progress that season was at an end, and they proceeded to take up their winter quarters.

"It was now that we were compelled to think, for it was now that there was nothing more to be performed; as it was now also that the long and dreary months, the long-coming year I might almost say, of our inevitable detention among this immovable ice rose full in our view. The prison door was shut upon us for the first time; while feeling that if we were helpless as hopeless captives, that not even Nature could now relieve or aid us, for many a long and weary month to come, it was impossible to repel the intrusion of those thoughts which, if they follow disappointment, press on us ever more heavily, under that subsidence of feeling which follows on the first check to that exertion by which hope was supported."

On the 8th of October, Capt. Ross observes—

"Our conviction was indeed absolute; for there was now not an atom of clear water to be seen anywhere; and excepting the occasional dark point of a protruding rock, nothing but one dazzling and monotonous, dull and wearisome extent of snow was visible, all round the horizon in the direction of the land. It was indeed a dull prospect. Amid all its brilliancy, this land, the land of ice and snow, has ever been, and ever will be a dull, dreary, heart-sinking, monotonous, waste, under the influence of which the very mind is paralyzed, ceasing to care or think, as it ceases to feel what might, did it occur but once, or last but one day, stimulate us by its novelty; for it is but the view of uniformity and silence and death. Even a poetical imagination would be troubled to extract matter of description from that which offers no variety; where nothing moves and nothing changes, but all is for ever the same, cheerless, cold, and still."

The Captain now offers some general remarks on the actual temperature, and on that of sensation. Perhaps a few extracts may interest the reader.

"The snow ceased before daylight, but it blew fresh from the north; feeling very cold, though the thermometer was 18°; a temperature, which, but a few days before, had not been disagreeable. This difference is, very obviously, as it is vulgarly explained by the different strength of the wind; while the immediate cause, on this supposition, is too simple to require statement. But there is much more to be taken into consideration. . . .

"Among these considerations, is the hygrometrical state of the air, of which we did not preserve any register; but this is not so simple a case as it appears at first sight. Every one knows that a damp air feels cold and raw; it is a better conductor of heat. Yet the same effect on the sensations is produced by the reverse condition of the atmosphere. A dry air increases the evaporation from the body, and that evaporation is a source of cold. . . .

"But the state of the body itself is scarcely of less moment than all this, in any attempts to explain these apparent contradictions; as it complicates the whole question in a far higher degree. Every one knows that the sense of cold can exist in certain fevers, even under the burning sun of Africa; and the same internal sensation, as of a low temperature, is of frequent occurrence from other diseases, and moreover from derangements of health so slight as to be undetectable. It is far more remarkable, that the feeling of extreme cold can be present, under fever, when the temperature of the body is many degrees above the natural standard, and when, to the touch of others, the patient is burning hot; as, in the space of a very few minutes, it may appear the same to himself, though no change of the actual temperature has taken place.

"Thus also, if the circumstances differ, does exercise, or the want of it, produce sensations of temperature, when there is nothing external to cause them; and the case is similar under want, or reversely, under abundance, of food. These are things which affect the power that generates animal heat; as the greater or less energy of this power is perhaps the chief cause of all the facts which are often so difficult of explanation under a simple regard to external temperature. That energy, too, is not the mere produce of food or exercise: there are cases in which no allowance of food, and no exertion of the muscular powers, will suffice to preserve a high temperature in the human body. In reality, though it is little remarked, and, as far as I know, is not even observed by the writers on physiology, the power of generating heat varies exceedingly in different individuals, and is as much a portion of the original constitution, as are the muscular or the mental energies. Any one who pleases may observe this in common life; it was always striking to us, in circumstances where the application of the test was so often extreme; so that, after a little practice, it was easy to anticipate who would suffer from degrees of cold which others would despise. . . .

"The conclusion, therefore, in which I wish to rest, is this; namely, that in every expedition or voyage to a polar region, at least if a winter residence is contemplated, the quantity of food should be increased, be that as inconvenient as it may. It would be very desirable indeed if the men could acquire the taste for Greenland food; since all experience has shown that the large use of oil and fat meats is the true secret of life in these frozen countries, and that the natives cannot subsist without it; becoming diseased, and dying under a more meagre diet. . . . I have little doubt, indeed, that many of the unhappy men who have perished from wintering in these climates, and whose histories are well known, might have been saved if they had been aware of these facts, and had conformed, as is so generally prudent, to the usages and the experience of the natives. . . .

"I will only add to these remarks, what may, I trust, be of use to future arctic navigators, namely, that although every expedient in the way of clothing should be adopted for resisting the impressions of external temperature, as these are too well known to require detail, nothing will compensate for the want of the heat-generating energy, but external heat; as that is but too often an imperfect expedient. It is of little use to clothe him who will not, in himself, produce heat; it is like the attempt to warm a piece of ice by means of a blanket; but it is too common a mistake to imagine that the expedient which can only preserve heat is capable of producing it."

Active preparations were now made for the winter. On the 20th of Oct. (says the Captain), "the last of the engine was hoisted out; may I not say that there was not one of us who did not hail this event with pleasure. We could not even look at its fragments without recollecting what it ought to have been, and what it proved to be; nor without reflections, and those not kind ones, on its maker, when we remembered the endless and ever-recurring trials of our patience which it had caused, the never-ceasing labour of the men in its reparation, the ever-renewed hopes, producing ever new disappointments, and the loss of temper, to most of us, I fear, of which it had been the fertile cause."

"It now became necessary to cut away the ice round the ship, in consequence of her having been so much lightened; that she might settle to her natural line of flotation. This being done, she rose nine inches; and we proceeded to build up a bank of snow and ice round her, for shelter from the cold. The galley was also moved, and placed in the centre of the men's berths, that the heat from the fire might be more equally distributed. A tank of plate iron was, further, placed on the upper deck, over the coppers; and, by this contrivance, the steam, which is a constant annoyance at these low temperatures, was secured and condensed."

At the end of this month, he observes—

"Our roofing had been perfected in this month: but it still remained to complete our embankment, and to cover the upper deck with snow. More arrangements than those yet noticed had also been made in the interior of the ship, by constructing a room in the place of the steerage, to receive the men's chests and the apparatus for cooking and baking; while copper flues were carried from them round the whole apartment, in order to convey away the vapour. Over the steam kitchen, oven, and after passage, apertures were made in the upper deck, on which were placed iron tanks with their openings downwards. In these the vapour was received, and became immediately condensed; but though we rather expected that we might have drawn it off in the shape of water, and had contrived means accordingly, we found it so generally frozen that these were of no use."

"We found this last contrivance to be the best that had yet been adopted; and chiefly as, by keeping the apartment of the crew dry, it saved the necessity of forcing up the temperature, as had been done on former occasions, for the purpose of keeping the vapour aloft till it was condensed on the beams and deck. This, too, involved a great saving of fuel: since we found that a temperature between 40° and 50° was sufficient to make the place dry, warm, and comfortable, whereas it had, in the ships that preceded us, been necessary to carry it as high as 70°."

The snow on these occasions is cut into masses resembling squared stones, and used in the same way, the cement being of water. The solidity of what is here called snow, may not be generally understood. On another occasion, Commander Ross says—

"It must appear strange to readers ignorant of these countries, to hear that the people suffer more from thirst, when travelling, than from all the other inconveniences united. By us, at home, where the snow can never be very cold, where it can therefore be easily melted by the ordinary heat of the body, and where it can even be eaten as a substitute for water, the very different temperature of the same substance in that country is easily overlooked, as many persons are even ignorant of this fact. No great inconvenience can occur as to this matter, where its heat is rarely much below the freezing point, and scarcely ever falls as low as twenty degrees. It is a very different thing, when perhaps the highest temperature of the snow during the winter months, is at zero, and when it often falls to minus fifty or more, or to eighty degrees below the point at which we should attempt to thaw or eat it in England. Were it not so had a conductor as it is, we could, in this country, no more take it into the mouth, or hold it in the hands, than if it was so much red-hot iron: but, from that cause, this consequence at least does not follow. The effect nevertheless which it does produce, is that of increasing, instead of removing, the thirst which it is endeavoured to quench: so that the natives prefer enduring the utmost extremity of this feeling, rather than attempt to remove it by the eating of snow."

Few circumstances now occurred to vary the dull monotony of such a life, and we shall pass on to Christmas:—

"The elements themselves seemed (says the captain,) to have determined that it should be a noted day to us, for it commenced with a most beautiful and splendid aurora, occupying the whole vault above. At first, and for many hours, it displayed a succession of arches, gradually increasing in altitude as they advanced from the east and proceeded towards the western side of the horizon; while the succession of changes were not less brilliant than any that had formerly witnessed. The church service allotted for this peculiar day was adopted; but as is the etiquette of the naval service, the holiday was also kept by an unusually liberal dinner, of which, roast beef from our Galloway ox, not yet expended, formed the essential and orthodox portion. I need not say that the rule against grog was rescinded for this day, since, without that, it would not have been the holiday expected by a seaman. The stores of the *Fury* rendered us, here, even more than the reasonable service we might have claimed; since they included minced pies, and what would have been more appropriate elsewhere, though abundantly natural here, iced cherry brandy with its fruit; matters, however, of amusement, when we recollected that we were rioting in the luxuries of a hot London June, without the heat of a ball in Grosvenor Square to give them value, and really without any especial desire for sweetmeats of so cooling a nature. I believe that it was a happy day for all the crew: and happy days had a moral value with us, little suspected by those whose lives of uniformity, and of uniform ease, peace, and luxury, one or all, render them as insensible to those hard-won enjoyments, as unobservant of their effects on the minds of men. To display all our flags was a matter of course; and the brilliancy of Venus was a spectacle which was naturally contemplated as in harmony with the rest of the day."

On the 9th of January, notice was given that strangers had appeared in the neighbourhood, and could be seen from the Observatory.

"I proceeded accordingly (says the Captain) in the direction pointed out, and soon saw four Esquimaux near a small iceberg, not far from the land, and about a mile from the ship. They retreated behind it as soon as they perceived me;

but as I approached, the whole party came suddenly out of their shelter, forming in a body of ten in front and three deep, with one man detached, on the land side, who was apparently sitting in a sledge. I therefore sent back my companion for Commander Ross to join me, together with some men, who were directed to keep at a distance behind him. Proceeding then alone, to within a hundred yards, I found that each was armed with a spear and a knife, but saw no bows and arrows."

"Knowing that the word of salutation between meeting tribes was *Tima tima*, I hailed them in their own language, and was answered by a general shout of the same kind; the detached man being then called in front of their line. The rest of my party now coming up, we advanced to within sixty yards, and then threw our guns away, with the cry of *Aja, Tima*; being the usual method, as we had learned it, of opening a friendly communication. On this, they threw their knives and spears into the air in every direction, returning the shout *Aja*, and extending their arms to show that they also were without weapons. But as they did not quit their places, we advanced, and embraced in succession all those in the front line, stroking down their dress also, and receiving from them in return this established ceremony of friendship. This seemed to produce great delight, expressed, on all hands, by laughing, and clamour, and strange gestures: while we immediately found ourselves established in their unhesitating confidence."

"Commander Ross's experience was here of great use; and, being informed that we were Europeans (*Kablune*), they answered that they were men Inuit. Their numbers amounted to thirty-one; the eldest, called *Illicta*, being sixty-five years of age, six others between forty and fifty, and twenty of them between forty and twenty; the number being made up by four boys. Two were lame, and, with the old man, were drawn by the others on sledges: one of them having lost a leg, from a bear as we understood, and the other having a broken or diseased thigh. They were all well dressed, in excellent deerskins chiefly; the upper garments double, and encircling the body, reaching, in front, from the chin to the middle of the thigh, and having a cape behind to draw over the head, while the skirt hung down to the calf of the leg, in a peak not unlike that of a soldier's coat of former days. The sleeves covered the fingers; and, of the two skins which composed all this, the inner one had the hair next the body, and the outer one in the reverse direction. They had two pairs of boots on, with the hairy side of both turned inwards, and above them, trousers of deerskin, reaching very low on the leg; while some of them had shoes outside of their boots, and had seal-skins instead of those of deer, in their trousers."

"With this immense superstructure of clothes, they seemed a much larger people than they really were. All of them bore spears, looking not much unlike a walking stick, with a ball of wood or ivory at one end, and a point of horn at the other. On examining the shafts, however, they were found to be formed of small pieces of wood, or of the bones of animals, joined together very neatly. The knives that we first saw, consisted of bone or reindeer's horn, without point or edge, forming a very inoffensive weapon; but we soon discovered that each of them had, hanging at his back, a much more effective knife pointed with iron, and some also edged with that metal. One of them proved also to be formed of the blade of an English clasp-knife, having the maker's mark on it, which had been so fixed as to be converted into a dagger."

"This was a proof of communication with the tribes that trade with Europeans, if that was not the case with themselves."

"Three of the men were, after this, introduced

into the cabin, where, at length, they showed abundant signs of wonder. The engravings, representing their countrymen, selected from the several former voyages, gave them great delight, as they instantly recognized them to be portraits of their own race. The looking-glasses, as usual, were, however, the chief source of astonishment, as, especially, was a sight of themselves in our largest mirror. Scarcely less surprise was excited by the lamp and the candlesticks; but they never once showed a desire to possess themselves of anything; receiving, merely, what was offered, with signs of thankfulness that could not be mistaken. They did not relish our preserved meat; but one who ate a morsel seemed to do it as a matter of obedience, saying it was very good, but admitting, on being cross-questioned by Commander Ross, that he had said what was not true; on which, all the rest, on receiving permission, threw away what they had taken. But the same man, on being offered some oil, drank it with much satisfaction, admitting that it was really good. Thus admirably are the tastes of all these tribes adapted to their compulsory food, and their views of happiness to the means of it which have been provided.

"This was a most satisfactory day; for we had given up all expectations of meeting inhabitants in this place; while we knew that it was to the natives that we must look for such geographical information as would assist us in extricating ourselves from our difficulties and in pursuing our course. It was for philosophers to interest themselves in speculating on a horde so small, and so secluded, occupying so apparently hopeless a country, so barren, so wild, and so repulsive; and yet enjoying the most perfect vigour, the most well-fed health, and all else that here constitutes, not merely wealth, but the opulence of luxury; since they were as amply furnished with provisions, as with every other thing that could be necessary to their wants."

On the next day, the Captain proceeded to pay a visit to the native village.

"The village soon appeared, consisting of twelve snow huts, erected at the bottom of a little bight on the shore, about two miles and a half from the ship. They had the appearance of inverted basins, and were placed without any order; each of them having a long crooked appendage, in which was the passage, at the entrance of which were the women, with the female children and infants. We were soon invited to visit these, for whom we had prepared presents of glass beads and needles; a distribution of which soon drove away the timidity which they had displayed at our first appearance.

"The passage, always long, and generally crooked, led to the principal apartment, which was a circular dome, being ten feet in diameter when intended for one family, and an oval of fifteen by ten where it lodged two. Opposite the doorway there was a bank of snow, occupying nearly a third of the breadth of the area, about two feet and a half high, level at the top, and covered by various skins; forming the general bed or sleeping place for the whole. At the end of this sat the mistress of the house opposite to the lamp, which, being of moss and oil, as is the universal custom in these regions, gave a sufficient flame to supply both light and heat; so that the apartment was perfectly comfortable. Over the lamp was the cooking dish of stone, containing the flesh of deer and of seals, with oil; and of such provision there seemed no want. Everything else, dresses, implements, as well as provisions, lay about in unspeakable confusion, showing that order, at least, was not in the class of their virtues.

"Of these huts, built entirely of snow, I must add, that they were all lighted by a large oval piece of clear ice, fixed about halfway up on the eastern side of the roof; while the variations among the different ones that we inspected were

trifling. But we also saw afterwards, what had escaped us before where was so little light to discern anything, that about the middle of each passage was an antechamber leading into a recess for the dogs. It was obvious, too, that the external aperture could be turned at any time, so as to be always on the lee side, and thus prevent the wind from entering. We found that these huts had been but just erected: they were scarcely a day old; so that the architectural processes of this country did not occupy much time. It was also ascertained that their winter stock of seal and reindeer was buried in the snow, that this store was laid up in the summer, and that they returned to it in the winter. Hitherto, this practice had not been found among the natives of these countries; whether overlooked or not, we could not decide.

"The females were certainly not beautiful; but they were, at least, not inferior to their husbands, and were not less well behaved. All above thirteen years of age seemed to be married; and there appeared three or four such in every house, whether belonging to one establishment or not, we were not sure, but appearing to be the young wives in a house where there was one old one. Their stature was short, and they were much inferior in dress and neatness to the men; their hair especially being in a matted and disordered state. Their features were mild, and their cheeks, like those of the men, ruddy; one girl of thirteen was even considered to have a pretty face. All were tattooed to a greater or less extent, chiefly on the brow, and on each side of the mouth and chin; this ornament consisting in lines alone, without any peculiar figures, and thus conforming to the usages of the north-western Esquimaux of America, as they have been described by different voyagers."

It has been mentioned that one of the natives was drawn about in a sledge, having lost a leg. Capt. Ross undertook to supply him with a wooden one.

"The promised leg, being now complete, was fitted on; and there was little time lost in finding its use and value; as the disabled person soon began to strut about the cabin, in apparent ecstasy; with more reason certainly to be delighted with his present, than all the others united, with what they had received. All the surgery in this case lay indeed with the carpenter; not the worst operator, I believe, in this compound profession; but I doubt if any effort of surgery ever gave more satisfaction than we had thus conferred, in reproducing a man fully serviceable once more to himself and his community."

Other extraordinary cures were effected both by the Captain and the natives.

"We had here found the native who had been ill of a sore throat some months before; and the phial of medicine he had received was hanging from his neck, surrounded by other ornaments. It did not seem to have been opened, and had probably been kept as a charm. In return for it, seeing that the surgeon was suffering from toothache and a swelled face, he proceeded instantly to his own mode of cure, by tapping the cheek three times, and blowing as often in the patient's face. That the doctor shortly recovered, is certain; and if it was by means of the charm, it is not the first time that toothache has been cured in the same manner."

On the 20th of January the sun appeared for the first time after an absence of fifty days. About this time it became evident that their new acquaintances were not so scrupulously honest as had been imagined. It is to be regretted, that the method of recovering the stolen property would not be universally successful:—

"A large reading-lens had disappeared for

some days; and I had reason, on consideration, to suspect the conjurer Ootooki; the candle having gone out, for some time, in the cabin, after I had been exhibiting its effects to him. This was confirmed afterwards, by his unwillingness to admit me into his house at my last visit to the village. I therefore told him that the swelled face [of which he had applied to be cured] had been produced by the magical glass, and that it must be returned. His confession immediately followed, together with a promise to bring it back on the following day: without which, I assured him that his other cheek would swell in the same manner. It was brought back accordingly, together with a hammer which had disappeared; while the snuffers were admitted to be in the possession of one of the women, together with a glass out of my spectacles, which one of the children had found, on its having dropped out. The terror of the conjurer was indeed so great, that he brought back a hook and a harpoon head which I had given him in exchange for a bow; on which, to preserve this probably useful impression of terror, I agreed to a re-exchange.

"We bought some articles brought by the natives, but did not suffer them to come on board. But this was not the only purpose of their visit; since there was a general restoration, as we understood, of all other things which they had purloined; among which a table knife from the mate's mess had alone been missed. With this there was a piece of iron, another of an iron hoop, and a sheave of a block. The cause of this repentance and restoration was, we found, to be attributed to the guns which had been fired for the purpose of the experiments on sound. One of them having attended Commander Ross to the observatory, and having asked what the 'guns said,' was informed that they were naming the thieves who had taken our property, of whatever nature, from the ship; on which there was a general convocation held at the village, and it was agreed to return everything."

We have now several narratives furnished by Commander Ross of his various expeditions in search of islands, inlets, and generally, it may be said, a North-west Passage; but, he was destined to reach the Western Sea by land, and not by water. These expeditions were not gone through without personal risk and great bodily fatigue, and some account of the last and most successful, inasmuch as, on this occasion, he reached within 200 miles of Cape Turnagain, cannot fail to be interesting. Here is his account of their arrival at the Western Sea:—

"The party which I had quitted for a short time, announced their arrival on the shores of the western sea by three cheers; it was to me, as well as to them, and still more indeed to the leader than to his followers, a moment of interest well deserving the usual 'hail' of a seaman; for it was the ocean that we had pursued, the object of our hopes and exertions; the free space which, as we once had hoped, was to have carried us round the American continent, which ought to have given us the triumph for which we and all our predecessors had laboured so long and so hard. It would have done all this, had not nature forbidden; it might have done all this had our chain of lakes been an inlet, had this valley formed a free communication between the eastern and western seas; but we had at least ascertained the impossibility; the desired sea was at our feet, we were soon to be travelling along its surface; and, in our final disappointment, we had at least the consolation of having removed all doubts and quenched all anxiety, of feeling that where God had said No, it was for man to submit, and to be thankful for what had been granted. It was a solemn moment, never to be forgotten: and never was the cheering of a sea-

man so impressive, breaking as it did on the stillness of the night, amid this dreary waste of ice and snow, where there was not an object to remind us of life, and not a sound seemed ever to have been heard."

We shall now conclude our present notice with a pretty full abstract of this last most important expedition:—

"Cape Isabella rises abruptly, and often precipitously, to about five hundred feet above the level of the sea, and is formed of grey granite, presenting patches of vegetation, which, for this climate, seemed to have been unusually luxuriant in the past summer. The tracks of grouse, hares, and foxes, were the only indications of animal life that were seen.

"From the accounts of the Esquimaux, I had expected to see a narrow entrance to this inlet, beyond the cape, to which they had given the name of Ik-ke-rush-yuk; as they had also described it to be formed by a low point to the westward, and some islands. But instead of this, the land on which I stood, still preserved its westerly trending, while the opposite shore diverged; and I thence concluded that the reported inlet was on the side opposed to my present place, where several small islands skirted the northern part of it to the south-west. Under these circumstances, I considered that my best plan was to continue along this coast as far as the entrance of the inlet; the boundary of which would be determined by the hummocky ice of the ocean. The needful observations for this cape were then made; but, in returning to the party, I had the misfortune to break my only compass by a fall; an accident which prevented me from making any further observations on the variation of the needle, and thus causes a blank which I must regret, pervading the remainder of this journey.

"Our labour hitherto had exceeded our strength; and it was therefore regulated thenceforward, that we should rise at four in the afternoon; and, after our meal, with the necessary stowage and arrangements, proceed on our daily, or rather nightly, journey between six and seven: limiting the length of it to ten hours. The labour of encamping, the evening (being truly a morning) meal, repairs of clothes, and other matters, then occupied three or four hours, so that the seven or eight remaining were left for sleep.

"Under this new arrangement we set out at six in the evening. The direction, of the coast, for about ten miles, is west-north-west, after which it becomes more northerly; and it became necessary to examine the whole of the bays and inlets thus formed, because I understood from the natives that the entrance of the expected inlet was narrow. They, however, proved shallow: and being light in comparison with the loaded party, I was enabled to search the whole accurately, while the rest skirted the coast between the several points.

"After a fatiguing day's journey of twenty miles, we halted soon after four in the morning; and, in this as in the preceding, we passed several canoes covered with stones, and some *cachées* of provisions belonging to the Esquimaux, which, of course, we took care not to disturb. The occasional discovery of seaweed, shrimps, and shell-fish, also served to confirm us in the belief that we were really on the shores of the ocean, and not of any freshwater lake, supposing that there could have been, here, one of such magnitude as to occupy the great flat space of ice before us. This, indeed, had been at one time imagined by some of the party, in consequence of the want of a tide mark on the shore, and of there being no hummocky ice in the offing. . . .

"We continued our journey; and after travelling five or six miles to the north-north-east, reached the termination of the inlet, and there found the estuary of a river; the banks being contracted at the exit to a few hundred feet so

as to produce a rapid; while, a little higher up, it was a quarter of a mile in breadth. The number of canoes that we found buried on the western bank, proved it to be a principal fishing station of the Esquimaux; as we might equally have judged from the numerous landmarks and *cachées*.

"The weather being very fine, I ascended a hill about a thousand feet high, whence I obtained an extensive view of a chain of lakes, leading to the north-east through a limestone country, while the granite hills took a north-north-westerly direction. . . .

"A fresh breeze made our burrow colder than was agreeable, though the thermometer was still above zero. The drift and haze which accompanied, prevented us also from starting till eight in the evening, when we continued our journey along the coast, which soon began to trend to the northward of west; and, shortly after, the cheering sight of the sea, covered with hummocks of ice, convinced me that we had at length arrived at the strait called Ik-ke-rush-yuk by the Esquimaux. Continuing to follow the coast, we found it turn quickly round to the north-west; while the heavy washed sea ice on our left removed all doubt of the course now to be pursued.

"I therefore resolved to reach the opposite coast, should this attempt prove to be practicable; and finding a favourable tract of smooth ice, we left that on which we were, before midnight. In proceeding, we came to a ridge of hummocky ice thirty feet high, running across our path, which we had great difficulty in surmounting; it being necessary to carry the luggage over it, and to cut a passage for the sledge with axes. This occupied more than an hour; when, observing some islets to the south-west that had previously been concealed by this ridge, we steered for them, and after passing several lower ones, nearly on a level with the flat ice, were obliged by a supervening haze, to encamp on the east side of an extensive island, at five on the morning of the twenty-third; having travelled about sixteen miles. This, being the anniversary of our departure from England, was distinguished by a dinner of frozen roast beef, and, what was now rare with us, a glass of grog. . . .

"We pursued our journey at the usual time, but found our way extremely laborious among this rough ice; while our toils were much increased by a thick fog, which froze on our clothes so as to render us nearly incapable of moving under their weight and stiffness. It was even with great difficulty, so much were the men exhausted, that we could form our encampment at six in the morning, when we halted. . . .

"We were in a miserable plight, from the fatigues of this day, and passed a comfortless night. To resume our hard and frozen dresses, was also a most difficult and painful operation; but the evening proved fine, and a little courage and exertion soon put us in motion once more."

The next day the party made a journey of twenty miles. Setting forward again at eight, they found the land trending to the west-north-west. After crossing an extensive inlet, it trended more to the northward.

"I here began," says Commander Ross, "to doubt what our actual position might be, when I now considered all the indentations of the coast that we had seen or passed. The question with me was, whether we were in reality skirting a continent, or whether all this irregular land might not be a chain of islands. Those unacquainted with frozen climates like the present, must recollect that when all is ice, and all one dazzling mass of white, when the surface of the sea itself is tossed up and fixed into rocks, while the land is, on the contrary, very often flat, if not level: when, in short, there is neither water nor land to be seen, or when both are equally indiscriminated, as well by shape as by colour,

it is not always so easy a problem as it might seem on a superficial view, to determine a fact which appears, in words, to be extremely simple.

"At any rate, I could not satisfy myself, in our present position: and thence one disagreeable consequence, which, trifling as it may seem to a reader when compared to an essential geographical fact, was of no small moment to us, and indeed to the progress and success of the expedition itself. Had we been sure that we were on the continent, we might have left in concealment a large portion of our provisions, and this would have enabled us to proceed with much more ease and rapidity. But in case that it proved but a chain of islands, these would have been left behind, to our unspeakable inconvenience, or rather perhaps to our destruction, in case I should do what was really essential, in returning by the continental shore; while, if not daring to attempt this for such a reason, a principal object of our journey would have been abandoned. I was therefore at length determined to take the safest resolution; and thus consent to be still encumbered with the heavy load that so much augmented our labours, and so disadvantageously contracted our time.

"And, indeed, diminished as the weight was by the consumption which our provisions had already undergone, that load was not only still a heavy one, but was relatively to our strength, even more troublesome than it had hitherto been. The dogs had become worse than useless, from the continued labour which they had exerted, and which we could not diminish by giving them an occasional rest for a day or two, since we could not afford to hazard the loss of that fine weather, of which the term was fast approaching. Lest readers may have forgotten it, I ought perhaps to say that the height of summer in these climates renders travelling as impracticable as does the depth of winter. It is not that the heat is more intolerable than the cold, though it is sufficiently tormenting and hurtful, but that the frozen surface becomes at first so loose and wet as to be nearly impassable; while, as the ground is laid bare on shore, and the water opens at sea, it becomes utterly impossible to travel either by land or water, or rather, as I might safely say, by that which is both or neither. Latterly, indeed, we had but two of these animals in a serviceable state, and one of the poor creatures died at our present encampment.

"I here contrived to shoot two partridges, which not only gave us what was now rare, a warm meal, but enabled us to save our provisions; a most important matter, as we were now situated. No one will be surprised to hear how often during all these years we had formed the idle wish that men could live without food; a wish, idle and nonsensical as we felt it, that was ever intruding, since the necessity of eating was the ever-recurring obstacle to all our endeavours. . . .

"The weather being fine, we could hence distinguish the coast, still trending to the north-west; and thence, as for other reasons, I was desirous to continue our journey for another day or two, in hopes that the sea-line would shortly take the direction of Point Turnagain, which, could we have attained it, would have been an object of first-rate importance; since we might thus have also completed this line of coast, and, here at least, have left nothing remaining for future investigators. Will it be believed that I was not anxious to complete the survey of the north coast of America, that with so important an object almost within my very reach, I was not desirous to attain this great triumph?

"But my men were not less so; and it would be doing them great injustice, did I not here record their spirit and ambition. For such an attempt, it was necessary to make a still further reduction in the allowance of provisions; and whatever they who are well fed and at ease may

think, such sacrifices are not small to him who is already under-fed and hard worked, who must exert himself every hour beyond his strength, who feels that food would enable him to go through his task, and who, independently of this reasoning, is actually suffering under the instinctive and irrepressible cravings of animal nature. Yet on mentioning my wishes to the mate Abernethy, he informed me that the men had intended themselves to make the same proposal to me, and were only waiting for the proper opportunity of transmitting their wishes through him. It may be believed that I rejoiced in this generous feeling on their parts; and the necessary reduction was therefore immediately announced.

"Under this alteration, which enabled us to advance for two days longer, we set out at eight in the evening, and, after passing over some small lakes, reached the sea at eleven. We then continued our course along the coast, in a north-westerly direction till midnight, much annoyed by thick fogs for a time, but finally reaching a point, at two o'clock on the twenty-eighth of May, which formed one side of an extensive bay. This was named after Dr. Richardson; and as it was a convenient spot for a depot, since by it we should be obliged to return, we resolved here to disburden ourselves of part of our incumbrances.

"We therefore left behind everything which we could spare, and taking four days' provision in the sledges, set out at three in the morning, crossing Richardson's bay, and encamping at six. Departing again at six in the evening, we found the land to trend toward the north-west till midnight, when we reached a point that was then named Cape Felix, after the founder of our expedition; at the back of which was an accumulation of hummocky ice. This point is the south-west cape of the gulf of Boothia, named after the same singularly generous and spirited individual, whose fame and deeds will go down to posterity among the first of those whose characters and conduct have conferred honour on the very name of a British merchant.

"Here we found the land trend to the south-west, while the vast extent of ocean then before our eyes, assured us that we had at length reached the northern point of that portion of the continent which I had already ascertained with so much satisfaction to be trending towards Cape Turnagain. * * *

"Continuing hence to the south-westward, till about two in the morning, we arrived at the north point of a bay, across which we passed, over much hummocky ice, gaining its southern point after two hours of hard labour. Hence the coast continued to trend about south-west by south, till we halted about six o'clock, after a journey of twenty miles, though with much fatigue to the whole party. The latitude here was $69^{\circ} 46' 19''$, and the longitude $98^{\circ} 32' 49''$.

"The reflection that we had now rounded the northernmost point of this part of the continent, and that we had found the coast trending in the desired direction, could not fail to give us the greatest satisfaction. The great extent of sea also which was now seen from Cape Felix, free from all appearance of land, served to raise our expectations as to the further success of the ensuing season, when we might hope, now that we knew what was before us, to succeed entirely in completing the survey of the north shore of America, since we could now make our arrangements accurately to meet what was still to be done and endured.

"Additionally desirous, therefore, to be quite sure of the facts as far as they could here be ascertained, and that I was not deceived by some large indentation of the coast, I devoted the day to a still more accurate examination of the circumstances. How extremely unwilling I was to return at all, from this point, with the main object of the expedition almost, it may be said,

within our reach, may well be imagined; but others must be in the same situation before they can conceive the intensity of this regret and the severity of this disappointment. Our distance from Cape Turnagain was now not greater than the space which we had already travelled: as many more spare days at our command would have enabled us to do all that was remaining, to return triumphant to the Victory, and to carry to England a truly worthy fruit of our long and hard labours.

"But these days were not in our power; for it was not days of time, but of the very means of existence that were wanting to us. We had brought twenty-one days' provision from the ship; and much more than the half was already consumed, notwithstanding the reductions which had been made, without which we should have even stopped far short of our present point; to reach which had occupied thirteen days, when we had provided ourselves for no more than eleven outwards. There was nothing therefore left to us but to submit; and thus, however mortified at the necessity of such a resolution, I was compelled to settle finally for our return to the ship, after we had advanced one other day. By the shortest route back, our distance from her was computed at two hundred miles; and, even on a very scanty allowance, we could not reckon on provisions for more than ten days.

"As some of the party were now suffering in their feet, I took this opportunity of giving them a day's rest, and left our station, with Abernethy, at eight in the evening. Being light, we now travelled quickly along the land, to the south-westward, till midnight, when, from a stranded mass of ice about forty feet high, we saw a point of land bearing south-west about fifteen miles distant, and could only trace its continuity with that on which we stood; the line forming an extensive bay, occupied by very heavy packed ice. A little examination, however, led us to doubt whether the remote point might not be an island, as there was an intermediate one about eight miles off. But to make an actual examination was now impossible; since our time was nearly expended, and the ruggedness of the ice between these points would have demanded a very tedious and laborious journey.

"We now therefore unfurled our flag for the usual ceremony, and took possession of what we saw as far as the distant point, while that on which we stood was named Victory Point; being the 'ne plus ultra' of our labour, as it afterwards proved, while it will remain a standing record of the exertions of that ship's crew. * * *

"On Victory Point we erected a cairn of stones six feet high, and we enclosed in it a canister containing a brief account of the proceedings of the expedition since its departure from England. Such has been the custom, and to that it was our business to conform; though I must say, that we did not entertain the most remote hope that our little history would ever meet an European's eye, even had it escaped the accident of falling into the hands of the Esquimaux. Yet we should have gone about our work with something like hope, if not confidence, had we then known that we were reputed as lost men, if even still alive, and that our ancient and tried friend Back was about to seek for us, and to restore us once more to society and home. And if it is not impossible that the course of his present investigations from Cape Turnagain eastward may lead him to this very spot, that he may find the record and proof of our own 'turnagain,' we have known what it is for the wanderer in these solitudes to alight upon such traces of friends and of home, and can almost envy him the imagined happiness; while we shall rejoice to hear that he has done that in which we failed, and perhaps not less than if we had ourselves succeeded in completing this long pursued and perilous work.

"It was at one in the morning of the 30th of May, that we turned our backs on this last and furthest point of our journey."

Belford Regis; or, Sketches of a Country Town. By Mary Russell Mitford. 3 vols. London: Bentley.

In one of Miss Mitford's earlier sketches, after describing with her usual happiness one of those periods of mental nausea in which, to quote her own expression, "Alfieri becomes powerless, and Froissart dull," she descants upon the use and profit of a hearty wetting in a spring shower, (such an one as is at this instant falling,) as a restorative and a stimulus. We too, in common with all whose heritage is pens and ink, have a large experience in such unprofitable moods of mind, and considerable faith in our own tonics. To all firesiders, then—to all city-birds like ourselves, (for we apprehend that her prescription is only available in the country,) we should say, to use the old phraseology, "Take your book;"—and let that book be neither History, for the spirit grows weary with its details of oppression and intrigue,—nor Philosophy, for the machine requires rest, and not action,—nor Poetry, for the faded fancy will only sink the lower, in proportion as it has been for awhile raised high by its enchantments,—but a book in which Nature and Humanity have each a part—in which you behold them through the medium of a healthy and grateful mind—one which shall charm you by the truth of its observations, and the quiet unaffected richness of its descriptions,—such a book, in short, as 'Belford Regis,' by the authoress of 'Rienzi,' and 'Our Village.'

We need hardly add, that we shall return to the work; and that Captain Ross must apologize for this and all the other deferring of the week.

The Reply of Lucien Bonaparte, Prince of Canino, to the Memoirs of General Lamarque.—[Réponse de Lucien Bonaparte, &c. &c.] London: Schulze.

This little pamphlet, which professes to be a reply to an assertion made by General Lamarque,† that "Lucien advised his brother to abdicate, in hopes of ruling France himself, as first minister of a regency," is principally interesting for the light it throws upon events and persons incidentally mentioned. It is in reality much more a defence of the Emperor's conduct, on that occasion, than of the writer's own; it is more an act of fraternal devotion, than an outbreak of offended self-love. The supposition that Lucien was guided by any motive so absurd in the advice he gave, might soon have been despatched. Independently of the fact, that no such advice was given, his whole life is a refutation of the charge. "A throne," he justly observes, "is a better thing than a regency; and of what baseness was I ever guilty to obtain that?" Upon this subject of the rejected royalty, Lucien speaks with a noble candour; while he throws much light on his brother's policy, in promoting his family to the vacated kingdoms of Europe. "If," he says, "I was not ambitious, as my enemies asserted, neither do I deserve the praise of philosophy, bestowed on me by my friends. I am not so divested of human passions, as to have

† See, for review of this work, *Athenæum*, No. 385.

always looked with disdain upon sovereign rank. As long, indeed, as my brother coupled the offer with a proposition foreign to my character, [the repudiating his wife,] the question was merely personal. But when he knew me better,—when, at Mantua, he made overtures, which I could accept, I plainly acknowledge that then a throne began to have its value."

The cause of Lucien Bonaparte's persistence in rejecting the proffered diadem of Tuscany, lay in his conviction that Napoleon meant to traffic, at a general peace, with the dependent kingdoms he was bestowing, and to purchase with them a restoration of the French colonies. The Emperor could not, consequently, consent that his brothers should strengthen themselves with their subjects, by governing so as to conciliate their good-will. At the Mantuan conference, Lucien plainly asked the question, "whether, in accepting royalty, he should be permitted to become the sovereign director of the internal economy of his kingdom, provided he squared its external policy in subordination to the Emperor's views." Napoleon replied,—“I understand your question, and will answer it frankly. Interior and exterior must alike be subjected to my direction. You would, if left to yourself, play the Medici at Florence, and that does not suit my views. The interest of France must be your object;—conspirations, codes, finance,—everything must tend to the welfare of my crown. This is, alike, my duty and my interest. Can you deny, if I gave you your own way, that Tuscany, tranquil and happy, would raise the envy of all the French who might visit it?"

The consequence of this interview was the absolute rejection of a post so little flattering to the ambition of a great man, and so uninviting to the sympathies of a good one. The conduct of Lucien on this occasion was not less creditable to his clear-sightedness as a statesman, than to his probity as a man. In rejecting a throne, he was not the dupe of abstract republicanism, of impracticable theory, as has been generally reported; but he acted on a long-sighted conviction of the discredit and discomfort that awaited his acceptance of the Emperor's offers. Subsequent experience has amply justified his selection; and posterity will not fail to acknowledge the uncrowned brother of Napoleon as one of the better spirits of the stirring age in which he lived.

Among the curious revelations of this pamphlet, is the assertion that Fouché, during the hundred days, did not betray the Emperor. "On other occasions," Lucien asserts, "this accusation was but too true. To Fouché must be attributed much of the divisions which occurred in our family; and to his door I lay the calumnies against myself, which contributed to separate me from my brother. Fouché was the most fatal man during the last days of the republic; and no one contributed more towards monarchizing the consulate. But he did not betray the Emperor during the hundred days. Proscribed by the Bourbons, before the 20th of March, he laboured hard against them; and thought to save (not to destroy,) the constitutional monarchy. The secret agents sent by him to Metternich were known to the Emperor, though they necessarily assumed the character of conspirators against the father in favour

of the son. I myself, by Napoleon's order, took a part in this political manœuvre."

The Prince de Canino, in explaining his brother's abdication, lays much blame on the Legislative Assembly, for deserting him after the battle of Waterloo. He asserts that their duty, when a foreign army polluted the French soil, was to rally round the executive. In one sense, no doubt, he is right. Had they so acted, the event very probably might have been far different. But why did not the French chambers adhere to Napoleon?—simply, because it was morally impossible that they should. However the matter may stand with individual morality, the conduct of nations is governed by the strictest necessity; and the connexion of cause and effect is absolute and immediate. Men do not plant thorns and gather figs; and a government, in impressing a given direction upon a people, must be contented to accept the evil with the good of the combination. If the patriots distrusted Napoleon, and thought the opportunity of getting rid of him after the battle of Waterloo, was to be embraced at any price, the opinion was a natural and an honest opinion. The Emperor had shown himself sufficiently absolute in his previous government; and the *acte additionnel* proved that he had not changed his opinions or plans. If the great body of the chamber were egotistical, timid, and deficient in energy to meet the emergency, they were what an unrelenting military despotism had made them. Napoleon's theory was, that the supremacy of one will was necessary to reconstitute society after the anarchy of the Jacobins; and he believed that his own will alone was capable of performing that operation. This theory might be true, and be put into execution with perfect good faith; but the necessary result was the crushing of every volition in France save his own; and when he fell back for assistance on the nation, he could not be surprised at finding the reed fail him which he had himself broken. This result is of the very essence of absolutism; which, self-reliant, refers everything to itself; and forgets that though monarchy should be omnipotent, a king is (to use Napoleon's own words,) "*but a man*." It is the common error of all *ex post facto* reasonings on events, that they are conducted by lights which existed not at the time of action; and that they assume as conditions things which, at the moment, were impossible. When Napoleon made his appeal to the legislative chambers, the fanaticism of liberty, which, at the commencement of the revolution, had borne the whole male population of the land upon an invading enemy, was no more; it had been sedulously, designedly, and perhaps wisely, extinguished; for such a phrenzy is not the natural and wholesome condition of a nation's permanent being: the result, therefore, however lamentable, was no matter of just reproach to the parties.

Upon the refusal of the legislative body to support the imperial throne, Napoleon, as every one knows, abdicated; whether wisely or not, men will judge according to their own temperaments, their views of the resources of a military despotism, and of the energies of despair. In a military point of view, the fight might have been carried on; and an accident might have made the combined armies bitterly repent the eagerness with which they advanced on Paris.

But who shall say that Napoleon judged not correctly of his own position? Had he abjured royalty, fallen back on the Consulate, and denounced open war of the new against the worn-out opinions, Lamarque thinks he would have succeeded in re-establishing the Empire. But the Austrian marriage—the fatal Austrian marriage had made such a position untenable. The French marshals, too, were satiated, the proprietary tired of war, and the very proletarians exhausted by incessant conscriptions.

The proposition, however, of dissolving the chambers, and appealing to the army and populace, was debated, and firmly and decisively rejected by Napoleon. The following scene, which occurred on that occasion, is striking, and it paints Napoleon to the life. It had been agreed that Lucien should address the chambers, and strive to awaken them to an energetic resistance to the invasion. Before quitting Napoleon for this purpose, says the Prince de Canino, "I was walking alone with the Emperor, in the garden of the Elysée; an immense crowd surrounded its walls. Every time we arrived at the end of the great walk, where the people could see him, twenty thousand voices united in one cheer. They demanded arms to march against the enemy; men, women, and children threw themselves on their knees, and held forth their supplicating arms, like a family soliciting a father not to abandon them. A single word from the Emperor, and a civil war would have been added to the terrors of a foreign invasion. In such a moment of enthusiasm, how few men would have preserved their calm as Napoleon did. For my own part, quite overcome, I interrupted a silence of several minutes, to observe, 'You hear the people: all France agrees with them in their desire. Will you abandon it to the factions?'—'Am I,' he replied, returning the salutations of the crowd with a movement of the hand,—'am I more than a man, that I should restore the deputies to that unanimity which can alone save us? Am I the chief of a miserable party to rekindle civil war? Never! If in Brumaire I was called on to draw my sword for the good of France, for the good of France I must now lay it aside. Go to the chambers; strive to rally them. I can do everything with them:—without them I might do much for myself, but I could not save the country. Go: but I expressly forbid you to harangue this crowd who are demanding arms. I will try everything for France:—for myself, nothing.'"

If Lucien did not, then, share the opinion of Napoleon on the expediency of abdication, but, on the contrary, recommended the dissolution of the chambers, he subsequently changed his mind. "The abdication," he says, "appeared to me, at the time, fatal, and I employed all my feeble efforts to avert it. I thought, at that time, what many Frenchmen think and say still, that it was an act of weakness. At present, after having longer and better studied the man, I have altered my opinion. In abdicating the Imperial throne, Napoleon sacrificed no principle, as would have been the case with a divine-righted king: his royalty existed only for the public good; and for the public good it should also fall. The grandeur of a popular monarch consists in laying aside, without regret, the tinsel frippery of a throne, when circum-

stances require it; not in lighting the brands of discord to maintain his pride of place, but in returning at once to the state of a simple citizen, contented and submissive to the laws of the country."

This sentiment of the author we quote, without, perhaps, altogether sharing in it. The view is too metaphysical to satisfy us that it is conclusive. To us, however, it is a mere matter of philosophical speculation: to the French nation, it will long carry with it the importance of practical consequence; and to their decision it may safely be left. For ourselves, it remains only to say, that the work is written with much feeling, and an almost poetical ardour of style, which proves that it is penned from conviction; and we rise from the perusal with an increased regard for the personal character of the author. In times of universal egotism, the example of his moderation is as little understood as followed. But if the memory of Cincinnatus was revered in ancient Rome, if Washington and Lafayette were idolized by their countrymen, for their heroic virtue, the conduct of Lucien Bonaparte in resisting not only the blandishments of sovereign authority, but the seductions of a family affection, evidently of the warmest nature—if attended by circumstances of less éclat—is not less intrinsically admirable.

The Student: a series of papers by the Author of 'Eugene Aram,' 'England and the English,' &c. 2 vols. London: Saunders & Otley.

The greater part of these "papers" have appeared before; and were it otherwise, the bestowing any great labour, or elaborate criticism upon a production of Mr. Bulwer's, would, at this time of day, be somewhat of a work of supererogation.

It is an old and established custom for essays to collect and publish their *disjecta membra*, scattered up and down in the fugitive pages of journals; and this desire to preserve from oblivion the wit or wisdom which has cost so much trouble, is natural enough. But, as in most other cases, the resulting good is not altogether unalloyed. Periodical writing—that of the present day, more especially—is so ambitious, so obviously put together for effect, and to "elevate and surprise," as Bayes has it, that a little of it at a time goes a great way; and a large dose is apt to disturb the digestion. Such papers, too, being often composed on the spur of the occasion, and struck off at a heat, they express less what the author habitually thinks and feels, than what happens to be the prevalent humour at the moment. The matter, then, may be true, and the thought just, in reference to this partial and transitory condition of the writer's mind, without being equally so in relation to the more permanent universals of humanity. All that is required in each article, is to be consistent with itself—to correspond with the character assumed for the occasion by the author: and the next paper may differ, *toto cælo*, in all its principles and opinions. When such writings, therefore, are collected, they often want that unity which is expected in continuous reading; they are deficient in earnestness, and do not carry with them a strong conviction. On the other hand, such a collection makes a famous parlour-window

book; and, as that seems to be the favourite literature of the day, it may obtain for the writer in popularity, all that it loses in persuasion.

In the volumes before us Mr. Bulwer professes to "address the sentiment rather than the intellect"—to "assert rather than prove"—to write for "those prepared to agree with his views, than for those whom it may be necessary to convert;" and, in so far, the previous observations are less applicable to his case.

We do not intend to raise a question upon these admissions; but Mr. Bulwer is generally understood to be a Radical, and somewhat of a Utilitarian. We are quite sure his tendencies are noble and generous, and that he is ambitious only of benefiting his fellow men. Now, we do not see how his principles and practice, his party and himself, can be reconciled on this occasion; and we strongly suspect that his political friends would fasten a very pretty quarrel upon any other student who should advance such heretical doctrines. Their argument usually runs thus: Before morals and politics can be turned to any good account, they must be studied as positive sciences. Things must not be taken for granted, nor the suggestions of the imagination adopted implicitly, as revealed truths. There is not an error which at the present moment weighs upon society, and impedes happiness, which is not, or has not at some time been, sentimentally true: and, to adopt the caprices of fancy for evidence of reality, is no wiser than to believe in ghosts because men are apt to be frightened in the dark. The subordination of reason to sentiment is, in other words, the subjection of the intellect to the passions; and good cannot come of it.

For ourselves, who are not so strait-laced in our philosophy, and can enjoy a pleasant speculation, even though it be not quite conformable to the rules in "such case made and provided," we have read many of these papers with great pleasure. The 'Conversations of an ambitious Student' are old and acknowledged favourites of ours.

History of the British Colonies. By R. Montgomery Martin, Esq. Vol. IV. Svo. London: Cochran & Co.

THE fourth volume contains an account of our possessions in Southern and Western Africa, in Mauritius, Australia, and the Falkland Isles. It is not inferior to the preceding volumes in the interest and importance of its subject. We have already commended Mr. Martin's useful labours, and should be sorry to be compelled to retract or modify the praise which we have once sincerely bestowed: but we must again warn him to avoid as much as possible encumbering his pages with crude and frothy political discussions. Let him diligently collect facts, historical and statistical, and, by a judicious array of these, exhibit the Colonies to us as they are, leaving his readers to determine what they ought to be. Some twenty years hence, when Mr. Martin shall have acquired more learning, &c., and a more mature judgment, he may venture to propound systems of colonial policy. At present, his attempts at speculations of this kind, are proof that the subject is beyond his grasp. He tells us, indeed, that we and other cri-

tics ought not to find fault with his doctrines until we have reperused all that he has written on the subject of Free Trade; that is to say, he hopes to deter us from commenting on one piece of nonsense, by requiring us in justice to read another, which is longer. In whatever way Mr. Martin may think fit to abuse the well-defined terms of political science, it is certain that his own doctrines of trade are the worst possible. He has imbibed, or affects to have imbibed, the angry feelings, the narrow and interested notions of our colonies, and gravely indites of the numberless grievances to which these are subject, from the exuberant civilization of the mother country; which he would reduce to the fabled situation of the pelican, and compel it to feed its progeny with its own blood.

We regret that Mr. Martin's historical investigations are so often superficial and inaccurate. Thus, he says, that the English claim to have been the first discoverers of Australia, their claim being founded on two charts in the British Museum. Now, the charts referred to, (the Hydrography of John Rotz), prove that the Portuguese, and not the English, were the true discoverers of that continent, and that they had traced its western shores in the earlier half of the sixteenth century. The gravity with which Mr. Martin relates ghost stories, and apparitions of the spectre-ship commonly called the Flying Dutchman, cannot fail to lower his credit as a historian.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

'*The Captive*, by the author of *The Pilgrim Brothers*.'—This is a genuine romance, purported to be altered from the MSS. of one Bernardus Fulchartiensis, and full of all such brave matters as might have engaged a chronicler in the days when chivalry was yet alive upon the earth. It will interest all such as are satisfied without very subtle delineation of character, or deep speculation and reflection—so that the knights be but gaily armed, and their steeds fitly caparisoned—their lady-loves be but tender enough, or bold enough, or false enough—so that there be due allowance of tournaments and trap-doors, and lost children, and mysterious scrolls—and palmers who are not palmers, but uncles in disguise, or, as the Scotch have it, "far awa' cousins"—who pluck off their masks and clear up all mysteries when matters are most desperate. To be serious, '*The Captive*' stands in a fair position among novels of its own class; the Lord of Pontour is sufficiently wicked, and his daughter Geraldine sufficiently gentle, to become popular. Many, too, will take a kindly interest in the imprisonment of the Countess Blanche, of Flanders, whose lover, the French knight, Sir Bertrand Valence, is a brave handsome fellow, worth a score of the English knight, and deserves the broad lands which come to him at last, through the agency of Mobarec, the mysterious African, (the name is "miching malicho," and means mischief)—*alias*—but we are not going to forestall the lover of romance by plucking out the heart of the mystery. In the present abundance of fictions we can say no more; there have been times when we should have drawn upon this book for some of its early scenes.

'*The Songs of England and Scotland*, in two volumes.' Vol. I.—A work sure to be welcome. This first volume contains the songs of England and Ireland, introduced by a pleasant historical and critical essay, and is graced by a sweet vignette of '*The Lovers*,' after a design by Stothard, and a capital portrait of Lovelace, from

the painting, by Dobson, in the Dulwich Gallery. The songs are arranged chronologically; and the collection begins with Bishop Still's 'Jolly Good Ale,' remembered even to this hour—is rich in selections from the Elizabethan poets, and is brought down, with judicious discrimination, to our own time. Having now done our critical duty, we might here conclude; but we wish, in a friendly spirit, to ask the editor why it is that he and others, (for it is the established usage,) while they hunt over forgotten volumes, never peep into that vast treasure-house, kept by Mr. Pitts, we think, somewhere near Seven Dials, or those interminable strings of half-penny ballads that used, heretofore, to make the very walls eloquent with song?—why it is that, when they collect together all sorts of lyrical poems, even such as were addressed "To a Lady reading Sherlock on Death," which surely cannot be considered a song in any legitimate sense of the word, they seem positively to reject all such as have ever taken a fast hold on public feeling—those that would show the heart and pulse of the nation? Why, for instance, neither 'God save the King,' nor 'Rule Britannia,' is to be found in a collection of 'The songs of England'? In truth, we are of opinion that a collection of songs—really popular songs—would be very valuable. Take political songs for example. Their literary merit would be a matter of comparative unimportance, but they would form a living commentary on history itself; beginning, perhaps, with those that roused the spirit of old, when our ancestors flung, or sung, defiance to the haughty Don, at the time of the Armada, and coming down to our own indignant scorn at the Corsican who dared to threaten us with invasion. Why, too, should not the pastoral songs of the people, (and they have dozens for sheep-shearings, harvest-homes, and all other festivals)—the hunting songs—the poacher's songs, (and some are excellent)—the smuggler's songs—even the drinking songs—be collected? In humorous songs we are told, in the preface to this work, that the English are deficient—probably—yet we heard sung, within this month, and to our great delight, the ballad of 'Arthur O'Bradley,' as old, we suspect, as Elizabeth, though yet living in the heart and memory of our peasantry, and not included in this collection; others could easily be named, but we write from the impulse of the moment and have no time to spare for inquiry. We desire merely to throw out a hint upon the subject.

'Sonnets; Meditative and Devotional,' by Thomas Albin, author of 'The Year.'—"Scorn not the sonnet," says Wordsworth. As far as we are concerned, there is no need of his vindication, nor of his happy and terse retrospect, how

—the melody
Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound.

for we are not among the "critics who have frowned, mindless of its just honours;" and often remember the glorious little poems left us by Milton, and Shakspeare, and Drummmond of Hawthornden, and him whom we have just quoted, with gratitude and pleasure. A single thought shows well when set in a sonnet—but then it must be set by a skilful hand: the work, when finished, must be complete and sufficient in itself: we must not feel that the fifteenth line is wanting, or that the fourteenth is superfluous. The very formality of the measure (which, however, if employed in a long poem, would become insufferably constrained and wearisome,) has a charm for us, as enjoining a certain cast of thought and expression, which, though it partakes of the artificial, does not, of necessity, infer that is unnatural or strained. Miss Seward, in her 'Centenary,' strayed as far from the true medium, in her feeble and Della Cruscan sweetness, as some of our later poets have run in the opposite extreme, in whose sonnets every line is

so "rhymed and twirled," (as Horace Walpole says of Pope's garden) that, in spelling them over, our senses ache for the want of repose and simplicity. Having said thus much, we have but to add, that Mr. Albin's verses are not sonnets, but little poems of fourteen lines each—some of them even written in blank verse—and most of them seeming to come to an end because their author chose to write no more, and not because his thought was complete. If tried by the strict standard, then, they will be found sadly wanting; if measured by a less exacting measure, they may be commended as pleasant and unambitious—containing much that is good in feeling, though little that is new in fancy or lofty in thought. We shall give one as a specimen—the idea (if we mistake not) is borrowed from Jeremy Taylor.

Of have I seen a lark uprising high
From out his bed of grass, and as he soars
He hopes to compass Heaven, but by the sigh
Of eastern wind, which on the poor bird pours
Its blighting breath, is driven from Heaven's doors:
He, panting, tarries till the storm is past,
Then, prospering in his flight, the sky explores,
As though an angel he did see at last:
So is a good man's prayer by passion stay'd,
His thoughts all troubled and their currents turn'd
From God, while His chastizing rod is spur'd,
Earth banish'd, and forgiveness meekly pray'd,
A sweet calm fills his spirit, and it dwells
Awhile in love with Him—then with repentance swells.

'Posthumous Letters of the Rev. Rabshakeh Gathcrcoal.'—The author of this work is a dissenter of the Baptist persuasion, whose wrath has been kindled by the publication of certain letters against schism, under the name of L. S. E., which the Bishop of London recommended to the attention of his clergy. The Bishop subsequently withdrew his recommendation "on account of the controversial bitterness with which the work is disfigured," but his original notice of it had given factitious importance to the publication, and the dissenters vindicated themselves with a heat and violence scarcely to be paralleled since the days of the Long Parliament. The author of the work before us surpasses L. S. E. himself; he assails creeds, liturgies, titles, and surplices, with equal rancour; and, under the pretence of vindicating toleration, manifests a spirit of intolerance, belonging more to the year 1535, than to the year 1835. Such writers as L. S. E. and the editor of Gathcrcoal's Letters, force upon us the mournful conviction,

That, mad as Christians used to be
About the sixteenth century,
There's lots of Christians to be had
In this, the nineteenth, just as mad!

'Winter Leaves.'—Another book of verses! We opened the volume at a poem called 'The Unblest Gale,' from which we gathered at random some strange specimens of language—as, for instance, "wolvyn-howl," "the sick moon in the latticed sky;" and here is a quatrain concerning trees:—

Stolen through the trellised arch of leaves,
Wooes them to love an argent ray.
Soon, 'mongst their myriad roots, she weaves,
In lapsing chime, a liquid way.

And all this about a poor simple moonbeam! Further on, we have "the ether's desolate charnel-light," and "melody in her soul-like rush, odorous as unsunned dew;" and here is the last of a storm, worthy of Mr. Arfwedson himself:—

Down sank the sun, by feebleness outworn;
Loud pealed the Storm, with joy at his dismay;
Laughing the gentler moon and stars to scorn,
He veiled in blacker gloom his wild array.
Quivers the air with more convulsive throes;
Wrought into agony, the ocean reels:
Earth of the dire uproar deep gashes shows:
Chaos, by fits, his lurid limbs reveal.

Enough of this; and yet there are glimpses of the true spirit in this volume, enough to warrant us in the wish, that the authors of these 'Winter Leaves' would put their taste to school, and remember, that there is a trifling difference between the property-man and the poet. They might do better.

'Griffith's Septem contra Thebas.'—The text is correct, and the notes are selected with creditable discrimination from the best commentators.

'René Alvid's French Language its own Teacher.'—A successful attempt to apply to the French language, the system of education recommended by Milton and Locke.

ORIGINAL PAPERS

NEW COMET.

[We have just been favoured with the following letter, addressed to Henry Beaufoy, Esq. by Professor Rümker, and dated, "Observatory, Hamburg, April 27."]

"I have the honour to inform you that Mr. Bojasslawsky, in Breslaw, has discovered (on the 20th April) a Comet in the Crater. He then found—

	M.time, Breslaw.	Comet's A.R.	Declination S.
April 20	12 ^h 39.3	11 ^h 58 ^m 11.4	12° 6' 58
— 21	9 17.5	11 53 1.8	11 32 18
—	9 54.0	11 52 52.2	11 50 53.2

"I saw the Comet last night (26th April), and made the following observations, which require, however, a more accurate reduction:

	Hamburg, m.time.	Comet's A.R.	Declination S.
April 26	11 ^h 1 ^m 24 ^s	11 ^h 25 ^m 55 ^s	8° 17' 36"

"By the time that this will reach you, the Comet will be near about ϕ Leonis, or have proceeded already further on."

PNEUMATIC RAILWAY.

We have lately had an opportunity of examining a large working model of a somewhat novel system of inland transit, which is about to be brought before the public. The body of the railway is a hollow cylinder with ledges on the outside, under the horizontal diameter, to serve as rails, upon which the carriages travel, bestriding the upper semi-circumference of the cylinder; on the inside there is a raised ledge at the lower end of the vertical diameter, and upon this two wheels are placed, connected longitudinally by a divided perch or duplex branch, and held upright by a vertical arm affixed at its lower end to the perch, and passing out through a continued longitudinal slit, or thorough groove, in the upper surface of the cylinder. The upper end of this arm enters the floor of a car on the outside, and is the means of connecting the internal apparatus with that on the outside, and thus of communicating the impulse obtained within to carriages without. The impulse is obtained upon a piston or shield, which is held up by the vehicle within the cylinder, and which is allowed to travel freely through it by the action of air-pumps worked by fixed steam-engines, of sufficient power, at stations along the line of road. The longitudinal slit or chase, through which the vertical arm passes, is covered, and the cylinder made air-tight by a wadded strap or cord, which is laid over it in a trough, and being lifted by a wheel placed in the body of the external car, over which it is passed.

It is impossible to convey a competent idea of the system, by a verbal description only; but it is believed by the projectors, to be a safe, certain, and highly economical application of power, to effect transit of carriages; and it has been, we are informed, examined and approved of by many of our most eminent men of science, among whom we may mention Dr. Lardner and Mr. Faraday, as well as by many other persons who are skilled in practical mechanics. We shall not ourselves presume to offer an opinion on the merits of the system, but we certainly think it well worthy examination, by those who are skilful and interested in such subjects.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE
AND ART.

We have read Mr. Hoar's prospectus of an expedition of discovery, in which he proposes to start from the Cape of Good Hope, "and to attempt to egress, by way of the great lake Tchad, at some part of the shores of the Mediterranean in the north." We have read it carefully, and with every desire to treat with indulgence the schemes of an active enthusiasm; but we grieve to say that we have not found a single sentence in Mr. Hoar's prospectus, which is not calculated rather to strengthen than remove the *prima facie* objections to his plan. He proposes in fact to realize the fictions of Damirger. What a pity that one who is so sincere should adopt the plans or imaginations of a fabulist or impostor! Mr. Hoar labours hard to show the importance of such an expedition; but he says not a word of its practicability. We need not say how many lives have been lost within the last forty years, in the attempt to penetrate the exterior coast, as it were, of Africa; and yet here comes a gentleman, who proposes to lay bare that entire continent at one fell swoop; shutting his eyes on all difficulties, and disdaining all limits of prudence. He asks for assistance also from the public, without vouchsafing to tell how much money he requires, how long he expects to be on his route, or what locomotive means he contemplates employing: whether he intends to walk on foot from the Cape to Tripoli, or chooses rather to ride in a balloon. We doubt not that the public is too considerate and humane to encourage such wild projects.

After the bleak winds and the bright fires of the last week, we could never have brought our minds to believe that "the merry May" was actually come in, if we had not been reminded by its name on the periodicals. Here they are before us—a goodly company, as usual. *Tait*, with his extreme politics, on one side of the question—and *Fraser*, as triple-dyed a Tory, on the other; the first with its delightful abstract of 'Stilling's Childhood and Wanderings,' its sarcastic, but "over true" 'West Country Exclusives,' and its beautiful 'Switzer's Hymn,'—the second with its un-likeness of Lady Morgan, and its interesting excursions into the land of Portuguese literature, and the books of that queer tea-cup people the Chinese. Father Prout's paper on the days of Erasmus, is interesting; the sketch of life in Northern Germany, we suspect, tolerably near the truth, though not written in a kind and cordial spirit; and the dissection of half a score of novels, to our fancy, at once severe and partial; but the number, on the whole, is a good one. But more on this subject next week; for Captain Ross's Narrative has driven us into a corner, and must apologise for books as well as magazines deferred, and even for a week's delay in our notice of the Water Colour Exhibition, and the publication of Lady Morgan's second paper on Historical Sites.

New books are beginning to come forth, and new announcements to be made. Mr. Cochrane, we observe, promises two volumes of Travels in the West Indies, with some account of a short residence in North America, by Dr. Madden—'Sketches of Bermuda,' by a Lady—and 'Twenty Years in Retirement,' by the author of 'Twelve Years' Military Adventure.' A translation of the Chevalier Von Hammer's 'History of the Assassins' is also in the press—and among works of art may be mentioned as forthcoming, 'Views in the British Channel,' by Stanfield, the first number to appear in June.

Meanwhile, those who are the very antipodes of the "gentlemen of the Row," inasmuch as while the one bring out what is new, the others dispose of what is old, are active and stirring. Messrs. Christie & Manson are about to bring some choice things to the hammer; among which are Mr. Deville's collection of bronzes, announced

for sale on the 15th. It is said to comprise several specimens of extraordinary beauty and costliness, from the hands of Cellini and John of Bologna—if so, it cannot fail to be interesting. Besides this collection, they offer for sale on Thursday, a collection of antique bronzes, coins, gems, and a library of works on art, belonging to the late Mr. Cumberland. On Friday, among other valuables, a curious snuff-box, interesting as a relic of French history, having been presented by Clement the Eighth to Henry Quatre on the occasion of the latter receiving absolution, in 1594;—and this day week a collection of Italian pictures is to be brought to the hammer.

We have been much pleased with a complete model of Abbotsford, now exhibiting in Regent Street, the work of a Mr. Hood. It is curiously faithful—there are the old carved stones distinctly set forth, (which, as its exhibitor simply said, its master "begged, or bought at any price, and some were glad to give them him") imbedded in the walls of the house and court-yard,—there is the door of the Heart of Mid Lothian, and the picturesque garden screen,—and the poet's cypher above one of the windows; in short, every peculiarity of that "haunted" place, accurately represented in plaster, on a small scale. We were much pleased, too, with the genuine and thorough-going enthusiasm of its exhibitor and maker, and recommend all who love Scott's memory to pay it a visit. There is likewise a smaller model of that part of Dryburgh Abbey wherein his remains are laid.

Donizetti's new opera, 'Marino Faliero,' is to be performed for the first time on Thursday next, for the benefit of Lablache. Bellini's 'I Puritani' on the following Thursday.

The comments upon our poetical critic and criticism, though as numerous as ever, have somewhat changed their character this week, and our table is now covered with satin paper notes and their envelopes. We must find room for a gentle creature, who "lets concealment," as she observes, "like a worm in the bud, feed on her damask cheek," and signs herself "*Sub-Rosa-Matilda*." It would be hard if we could not spare half a column in honour of one, who, if he has not the united voice of the public with him, at least seems as if he had.

When the men are all sighing and sad,

Through love for Brambilla or Gris!

For a girl to be equally mad

'Twere hard—if it were not as easy.

Grant me room then to praise my dear man,

Chanteur sans reproche et sans tache!

Let me blush through the sticks of my fan,

And own my vast love for Lablache.

When Mamma will provokingly prate

Of some other singer—I hate her;

When she says, little Ivanhoff's great;

I ask, is't not great Lablache greater!

All the Opera singers must find him

A total eclipse for their light;

They may every one get behind him,

He puts them all clean out of sight.

And again their pretensions must fail,

When balanced with his it would seem:

Weigh them all against him in the scale,

And see if they don't kick the beam.

In the night, when sleep closes my eyes,

My pretty pet Giant appears;

In the morning, when love-sick I rise,

That singing is still in my ears.

Is the thunder a wonderful thing?

Is a thirty-two pounder sublime?

When the great Tom of Lincoln doth ring,

Is there anything grand in his chime?

Is there ought to adore in Saint Paul's?

Saint Peter's at Home—is that grand?

Is the roar of Niagara Falls

Great Nature's own musical band?

As the answer to each must be "yes";

So—as Colman would say in his fun

The extent of my love you may guess

For "three gentlemen rolled into one."

I've been sighing for Signor Lablache;

I'm dying for Signor Lablache;

I'm for trying if Signor Lablache

Won't make me Signora Lablache.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

April 29.—Thomas Murdock, Esq., in the chair. The paper read, was part of an account of the Island of Socotra, by Lieut. Wellsted, of the East India Company's Marine, lately employed to examine it. The interest of this was enhanced, by its being understood that it is the intention of the Company to acquire this island, with a view, in part, of employing it as a coal-dépôt for steam vessels proceeding up the Red Sea; but we reserve our analysis of Mr. Wellsted's account of it till it shall be concluded.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

April 8.—Charles Lyell, Esq., President, in the chair.—Two papers were read, the first entitled 'Notice on the junction of the Portland and Purbeck Strata, on the coast of Dorsetshire,' was by William Henry Fitton, M.D., F.G.S.; and the second, entitled 'Observations on the Gambric Ichthyolites, and on the accompanying Red Conglomerates and Sandstones,' was by Joseph Prestwick, Jun., Esq., F.G.S.

April 29.—The President in the chair.—The following communications were read:—'Remarks on specimens collected, during the *Etna* survey of the western coast of Africa, from Isle de Los (lat. 9° 30' N.), to Rio Nuñez (lat. 10° 20' N.), and at the peninsula of Cape Blanco (lat. 20° 47' N.),' by Captain Belcher, R.N., F.G.S. 'Description of specimens collected on the Island of Ascension,' by the Rev. W. P. Hennah, Chaplain of His Majesty's ship *San Josef*. 'Notice of an ancient beach containing Marine Shells of existing species at Wellington Hall, near Tarporey, Cheshire,' by Sir Philip Egerton, Bart., F.G.S. 'On the discovery of a gigantic Reptile near Buckingham; and of Water impregnated with Glauber Salts, at Oxford,' by the Rev. W. Buckland, D.D., F.G.S.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

April 14.—N. A. Vigors, Esq., in the chair. A new species of Toucan, from the collection of Earl Derby, the President of the Society, was exhibited; and the characters indicating its situation in the group to which it belongs, were pointed out by Mr. Gould.

A letter was read by the secretary from Monsieur Valenciennes, dated *Jardin des Plantes*, acknowledging the honour conferred upon him by the diploma of the Society; and stating that an arrangement had been concluded by him, under which the publication of the *Histoire des Poissons*, began some years since by Baron Cuvier and himself, which had been suspended, would be resumed; and the 10th volume might be expected within two months.

Some new shells, belonging to the genus *Monoceros*, from the collection of Mr. Cumings, were exhibited, and the characters supplied by Mr. G. B. Sowerby. Several unique insects, from the collection of the Rev. F. W. Hope, were also exhibited.

Col. W. H. Sykes read a paper 'On the Quails of India,' including remarks on the want of well-defined characters of distinction in the genera composing the family of *Tetraonidae*.

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

April 21.—A paper was read 'On the Cultivation of French Pears in Scotland, and on the Formation and Management of Fruit Borders,' with the view of bringing the trees into a bearing state, at an early period of their growth, and increasing their productiveness, by Mr. Drummond, gardener to the late Sir Robert Preston, Bart. The above memoir was communicated by the Caledonian Horticultural Society, in consequence of the London Society's medal, placed at their disposal, having been awarded for it in the year 1833.

Some very beautiful plants held prominent places in the exhibition, which, notwithstanding the backward season, was sufficiently attractive to collect a large assemblage of visitors.

Six candidates were elected Fellows of the Society.

STATISTICAL SOCIETY.

April 20.—Lieut.-Col. Sykes, V.P., in the chair. A paper by Col. Sykes, forming an Appendix to his Memoir on 'The Increase of Wealth and Expenditure in the Various Classes of Society', (for an abstract of which see *Athenæum*, No. 382,) was read. The writer states that since the reading of his former Memoir, returns of the exports and imports, of Customs' duties, and of the vessels employed in the coasting and foreign trades of the United Kingdom, ending the 5th of January 1835, as compared with the returns, ending the 5th of January 1834, have been received, and that these returns both confirm and extend the facts which he had already stated. It appears that the increase in the number of British vessels employed in foreign commerce, between the 5th of January, 1834, and the 5th of January, 1835, was 689 ships, of 108,562 tons burthen, value 1,411,356*l*.

In regard to the coasting trade, the increase in the same period was 5,574 ships of 474,379 tons burthen, and valuing these at 8*l*. per ton, we have a total of 3,795,932*l*. The net receipts in the Customs' duties in the years ending respectively, the 5th of January, 1834, and the 5th of January, 1835, were, for the former, 17,577,549*l*., and for the latter, 19,931,687*l*., the increase in one year being, therefore, 2,354,138*l*.; but some part of this increase is attributable to the transfer of the article of tea, from the Excise to the Customs.

By the above returns, enabling us to estimate the capital embarked in the shipping of the United Kingdom, we find, says the writer, that in the year ending the 5th of January, 1835, there cleared inwards 11,678 British vessels employed in the foreign trade, of a burthen of 2,108,492 tons, which, at 12*l*. per ton, represent a capital embarked of 25,301,904*l*. In the same period, 122,440 vessels, burthen 9,874,715 tons employed in the coasting trade, entered inwards; valuing these at 8*l*. per ton, we have a capital of 78,997,720*l*. embarked. Little reliance, however, can be placed on this last computation, inasmuch as the same vessels may have entered the ports more than once in the year.

The increase in the declared value of the exports of the British and Irish manufactures, in the year 1835, over those of the preceding twelvemonth, was to the extent of 2,052,542*l*.; the amount of exports for each of those two years, ending respectively on the 5th of January, being in 1834, 34,489,384*l*., and in 1835, 36,541,926*l*.! The surplus disposable balance of the public revenue, for the year ending the 5th of January, 1835, was 1,608,155*l*., after payment of all charges.

The reading of Mr. Drinkwater's 'Analysis of Quadri's Statistics of Venice' was resumed. The paper read, treated on the system of Judicial Administration, forming the 9th chapter of the work.

The whole number of tribunals is stated at 102: they consist of the Court of Revision at Verona, the Court of Appeal at Venice, 10 civil, criminal, and mercantile courts, 81 prefectures*, and 9 police courts, which are included in the list, because they exercise the same functions in the capital towns, with which the prefectures are charged in the other districts. The number of persons holding offices connected with the above-named tribunals, is 1198; the annual expense attending their maintenance, 2,763,259*l*.

In the capital of every province, a notarial

record office, subordinate to the tribunals of first resort, is established, in which are preserved all notarial acts belonging to the province. The only exception to this general arrangement is in the province of Vicenza, where there is established a second subsidiary record office for the city and district of Bassano. The expense annually attending these establishments, is 85,000*l*.; their returns, arising from trifling imposts, amount to only 54,000*l*., the deficiency of 31,000*l* being defrayed from the administration of the royal domains, to which these offices are an appendage.

The courts of first resort generally try about 24,000 civil causes annually, to which may be added about 48,000 before the whole of the prefectures. About one-half of the 72,000 civil causes here mentioned, are disposed of by removal, compromise, or abandonment of the claim.

The following classification of the number of criminals brought to justice, for some of the most serious offences, in three different years, shows that crime was decreasing; viz.—

	1817.	1822.	1823.
Murder.....	80	84	48
Rape.....	53	31	38
Robbery.....	641	355	258
Theft.....	4784	1958	1833
Coining.....	34	20	3
Abuse of trust.....	79	13	17
Miscellaneous.....	1109	1140	808
Total	6780	3601	3005

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MON.	Entomological Society.....	Eight, P.M.
TUES.	{ Linnean Society.....	Eight, P.M.
	{ Horticultural Society.....	One, P.M.
WED.	Society of Arts.....	P. 7, P.M.
	Royal Society.....	P. 8, P.M.
THUR.	Society of Antiquaries.....	Eight, P.M.
	Zoological Society.....	Three, P.M.
FRID.	Royal Institution.....	P. 8, P.M.
	Astronomical Society.....	Eight, P.M.
SAT.	{ Royal Asiatic Society (Anniver- sary).....	One, P.M.

MUSIC

KING'S THEATRE.

'Anna Bolena' was repeated this day week with increased effect; it was followed by a new ballet—a foolish travesty of the story of 'Paul and Virginia,' with ill-painted negroes and shabby palm-trees, and the drollest storm we ever saw on any stage. It cannot possibly last; and was only redeemed by Perrot's *pas de deux* with Madlle. Clara, (who, by the way, is hardly so well received as she deserves,) in which he was lighter and livelier than ever. On Tuesday 'Semiramide' was produced, for the *début* of Madame Fincklor: the part is too arduous for the first appearance of any one who is not first-rate; but she went through it with stendiness and spirit. Her voice is of fair quality, compass, and power, and her action appropriate. Her execution was at times unsteady; this, of course, might be partly ascribed to timidity; but, from the style of the cadences and *tours de force*, upon which she obviously relied for producing an effect, we should imagine that she was less at home in the florid and figurative music of the modern Italian writers, than in the more sustained compositions of the German school. Brambilla was singing her best as *Arsace*. The duet 'Giorno d'orrore,' between herself and Fincklor, was *encored*, Tamburini was magnificent as *Assur*; but the performance, as a whole, dragged. After the opera, Grisi performed the mad scene from 'Anna Bolena,' with all the energy of fresh voice and unexhausted powers. We have a word or two to say upon the musical arrangements in general. The chorus is neither so clear nor so forcible as it was last season; and Signor Costa, in the excess of his spirit, pushes on the orchestra with so much vigour, that many

of the pieces are made to end in an unintelligible *prestissimo*, where an *accelerando* is all that was required. As delicacy, rather than fire, is what is wanting under the control of its new leader, such a habit cannot but end in coarse and slovenly execution; and we mention it now, having, of late, observed symptoms of its increase.

In addition to the above, we have only room to add that Coulon's benefit took place on Thursday last, when 'Don Giovanni' was given: Grisi, Tamburini, and Lablache, (the *Leporello* of the evening,) left nothing to be desired. We shall not soon forget the singing of the last in the song 'Madamina,' and the exquisite *sestet* in the second act. Madame Fincklor, as *Zerlina*, completely disappointed our expectation expressed above; she was singing very coarsely, and at times out of tune. The new *divertissement*, 'Zephir Berger,' has nothing in it worthy of notice save Perrot, who is the hero of the story, (if story there be); he *danced* his character to perfection.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

The fifth Concert was one of great excellence and variety. We doubt much whether Beethoven's charming Symphony in B flat, with which it opened, ever went better in England: the slow movement was *encored*; and though, in general, we are disposed to object to these repetitions of separate portions of a composition, as spoiling its general effect, we could not find it in our hearts to cry "No! no!" on Monday. Haydn's Symphony, No. 8, which opened the second act, sounded thin by comparison: if the situations of these two pieces in the scheme had been changed, the Concert, as far as we are concerned, would have gained in interest. It went to perfection, Mori being leader, and Moscheles the conductor for the evening. A new MS. Overture, by the latter, concluded the first act—we shall take another opportunity of saying a few words on this composition; and the performance was worthily concluded by the Overture to 'Der Freischütz.' Mr. Neate played Hummel's well-known Concerto in a minor; parts of his performance were carefully finished, but it wanted light and shade: the playing of its composer is as fresh in our recollections as if we had heard it only yesterday; we are, therefore, perhaps, too severely critical. In the second act, Neukomm's septett for wind instruments was performed. Rubini confirmed us in our good opinion of him recently expressed as a singer of classical music, by the chaste, yet impassioned, manner in which he gave 'Cara imagine,' from the 'Zauberflöte;' and Lablache gained an unanimous *encore* in the fine bold song of Mephistopheles, 'Va sbramando,' from Spohr's 'Faust.' For our own parts, our admiration was divided between his glorious voice and the exquisite accompaniments given to the orchestra. Grisi sang her final bravura from 'La Donna del Lago,' with greater ease and brilliancy than ever, and the three singers above mentioned were *encored* in 'Ti parli l'amore.'

THEATRICALS

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

This Evening, PATRICIAN AND PARVENU; and A MID-SUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.
On Monday, THE SLAVE; a GRAND CONCERT; THE RENT DAY; and THE NOTE-FORGER: for the Benefit of Mr. HARLEY.
On Tuesday, WILLIAM TELL; A DAY AFTER THE WEDDING; and THE NOTE-FORGER.
On Wednesday, GUSTAVUS THE THIRD: An Original DOMESTIC DRAMA; A MUSICAL PASTICCIO; and THE LAST WHISTLE.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

This Evening, GUSTAVUS; and THE MILLER AND HIS MEN.
On Monday, MACBETH; and other Entertainments.
On Tuesday, LESTOCQ; and CARLMILHAN.

THE ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

On Monday, THE EVIL EYE; THE SHADOW ON THE WALL; and MY FELLOW-CLERK.
On Tuesday, THE MOUNTAIN SYLPH; THE SHADOW ON THE WALL; and MY FELLOW-CLERK.
On Wednesday, THE EVIL EYE; MY FELLOW-CLERK; and THE SHADOW ON THE WALL.

* These 81 prefectures have since been reduced to 69.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

We have great pleasure in recurring to the subject of Mr. Serle's drama, called, 'The Shadow on the Wall,' which received brief but honourable mention last week. The story on which it is founded is, at once, simple and interesting; the plot is conducted in a masterly manner from the beginning to the end, and the characters are allowed opportunity and time, just enough, and not too much, to develop themselves in language always appropriate, and, where need is, eloquent. We shall not interfere further with the story, than to say, that it is one of a murder, the perpetrator of which is first screened, and afterwards exposed by the same means—the shadow on the wall. Mr. Keeley, Mr. O. Smith, Miss Novello, Mr. Hemming, and Miss F. Healey, did their best for the lesser stars; those of the first magnitude being assigned to the author and Mrs. Keeley. Mr. Serle played with his usual sense and discrimination, and worked out his own conceptions, as may be supposed, not only to his own satisfaction, but to that of the audience. Mrs. Keeley's acting was of a very high order indeed, as will be easily believed, when we say, that it was equal to that of Miss Kelly in her best day, and that it had less appearance of art upon its surface. If Mrs. Keeley continues to act so admirably in parts like this of domestic pathos, there will be a sad struggle for her between the tragic and comic muses of humble life. To those who know how clever she is in low comedy, we cannot pay her a greater compliment than we do in saying that, as far as the public are concerned, it matters little which gets her. If we were to advise, we should say, suppose she were to do as mammas sometimes do who have two children married and well settled in the world—reside six months with the one, and six with the other.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

A new farce was produced here on Monday last, called, 'The Young Reefer.' As story and probability are equally set at defiance in it, there is no occasion for us to trouble ourselves to discover either. The principal object seems to be, to give Mrs. Nisbett an opportunity of playing a rattling, noisy, ranting, tearing, *Little Pickle* of a midshipman, who teases his uncle into letting him marry his cousin. Mrs. Nisbett acted with great spirit, and kicked over chairs, climbed walls, broke stools and statues, and destroyed clocks in a way to have excited the envy and jealousy of the most accomplished bit of *he-mischievous* ever turned out of, or from, a public school. The piece was received with shouts of laughter and much applause.

MISCELLANEA.

Mr. W. H. Ireland.—It is only by accident we have heard that this gentleman, after struggling for many years against poverty and misery, died within the last month in obscurity, and, seemingly, quite forgotten. Though a voluminous writer, having published numberless dramas, poems, novels, and romances, he will be remembered only for the forgery of what were called 'The Shakspeare MSS.,' published in splendid folio in the year 1796, and by which he contrived to deceive many celebrated persons, including Dr. Parr, Dr. Chalmers, Dr. Wharton, Sir Isaac Heard, Mr. Boswell, and many others. He was the son of Mr. Samuel Ireland, a well-known publisher of illustrated works, and a man of credit and general respectability—and, in justice to whose memory we must add, the dupe of his son's cunning—for the latter, in the 'Confessions' which he subsequently published, declares, in the most solemn manner, that he was utterly ignorant of the fraud.

Central African Expedition.—Letters have been received at the Cape from Mr. Smith,

dated Philippolis, 23rd Dec., from which the following are extracts:—"On our reaching the sources of the Caledon River, and the district in which the Nieu Gareep has its origin, I found it necessary on various accounts to abandon the idea of completing the circuit projected in my letter of the 23rd of September, a circumstance which caused me comparatively little annoyance, inasmuch as the most interesting information connected with the country in that direction had been previously acquired, which, in my estimation, was sufficient to repay the trouble and expense incurred in obtaining it. The resting we found it convenient to make enabled us to visit the principal tribes residing between Philippolis and the source of the Vaal River, to ascertain the character and direction of the great mountain range which divides the territory of the Coast Caffres from the more interior districts; to trace the streams of emigration towards the most southern parts of the continent, and to discover the natural causes which had led those to flow in different directions. During our return, we examined the country in which the Modder and the Riet rivers have their origins, and found their sources to be much more to the eastward than they are represented in any of the maps of South Africa."

* * Information, however, is almost the only return we can yet boast of; little else of value has yet been obtained, and no articles fitted for general trade have hitherto come within our reach. * * The wagons proceed to-morrow morning on the route to Lattakoo, but it is impossible even to surmise what may be the course pursued upon reaching that station."

Results of Observations on the Oscillation of the Barometer, at several hours, between 4 A.M. and 10 P.M. at York, in N. Lat. 53° 56', 35 feet above high-water.

1st, The height, at 4 P.M. being taken as the standard:

A.M.			P.M.		
4	8	9	4	9	10
+	+	+	+	+	+
·0075	·0163	·0178	standard	·0170	·0162

2d, The mean of the heights at 9 A.M. and 4 P.M. being taken as the standard:

A.M.			P.M.		
4	8	9	4	9	10
+	+	+	+	+	+
·0013	·0074	·0089	·0089	·0081	·0073

The researches of Professor Forbes, (Trans. of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, 1831,) and those of Mr. Hudson, (Philosophical Transactions, 1832,) afford the means of comparing these results with those obtained in London, and in Edinburgh. Mr. Hudson states the oscillation from 10 A.M. to 4 P.M. in London, Lat. 50° 51', 95 feet above the sea, at ·028. Mr. Forbes has determined the same in Edinburgh, Lat. 55° 55', 430 feet above the sea, to be ·0114. According to the formula of Professor Forbes, this oscillation should be at York, ·0166: the result of one year's observation gives it ·0004 less than the maximum oscillation which happens at 9 A.M., or ·0174. In London, the evening oscillation (4 P.M. to 11 P.M.) = ·023; in York, (4 to 9), ·0170; in Edinburgh, (4 to 10), ·0097. The nightly oscillation in London (11 P.M. to 4 A.M.) is ·0116; at York, (9 P.M. to 4 A.M.) ·0094.

Travels.—The speedy publication of the travels of MM. de Humboldt and Gustave Rose, in Siberia, has been announced. M. Gustave Rose has undertaken the mineralogical and geognostic portion.

Homœopathy.—French writers do not attribute the invention of this system of medical treatment to M. Hahnemann, but they carry it back even as far as Descartes, who, during his last illness and while at the court of Christiana

Queen of Sweden, having caught cold by attending her majesty at five o'clock in the morning, in direct contradiction to his usual habits, insisted upon curing the inflammation in his lungs by drinking wine and brandy. It appears, however, that the remedies accelerated his death, if they were not the immediate cause of it. M. Hahnemann has just married a young wife, and is about to settle in Paris. The Académie de Médecine has appointed a committee to consider the propriety of establishing an hospital in the above city, where the patients are to be treated according to this method. Reports have been made concerning the success of homœopathy as applied to horses; some experiments of the kind having been tried in the department of La Gironde.

Cholera.—Out of 665 persons attacked with cholera at Marseilles, between the 17th of February and 10th of March, only 184 have survived.

Dictionary.—The dictionary of the French Academy will appear in July next. It boasts of the illustrious contributors, Pastoret, Dupin, Royer-Collard, Ségur, Daru, De Jouy, Villmain, Arnault, Fourrier, Biot, Thénard, and the great Cuvier, &c.

Niebuhr.—A translation of the third volume of Niebuhr's History is just published in France. It appears to meet with great success both in France and Germany.

Banks of the Seine.—The whole of the right bank of this river, from the Pont d'Austerlitz, to the Place de la Concorde, is planting with trees: benches for pedestrians are to be placed among the trees, and the Quais are to be lighted by gas lamps ornamented with brass.

New Boiler.—Messrs. Petherick and West, of the Lanescot Mine, Cornwall, have invented and brought into use a boiler of a new construction, which is stated, in the last Annual Report of the Cornwall Polytechnic Society, to effect such an economy in the consumption of fuel, as to raise the duty performed by an engine to between ninety and a hundred millions of pounds! In Watt's time *nineteen* millions was considered prodigious. The improvement consists principally in having a horizontal cylindrical tube enclosed within the tube which contains the fire. Water is supplied to this inner tube from the feed pump; and the steam and heated air pass from it to the boiler, whence it is conveyed to the steam-pipe.—*Mechanic's Magazine.*

NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ART.

Just published.—Cyclopedia of Practical Medicine, Vol. IV. royal 8vo. 40s.—Reminiscences, Whimsical and Ridiculous, by a Travelling Artist, 18mo. 12s.—Cruikshank's Trip to Epsom and Ascot Races, 18mo. 1s.—Popular Statistics and Universal Geography, 12mo. 2s. 6d.—Geology in 1835, by John Laurance, 12mo. 4s.—Hind on Fractures of the Extremities, folio, 21s.—A Therapeutic Arrangement and Syllabus of Materia Medica, by James Johnston, M.D. 12mo. 3s. 6d.—Martin's History of the British Colonies, Vol. IV. (Africa and Australasia.) 8vo. 21s.—The Songs of England and Scotland, Vol. I. 8s.—Blunt's Saviour, Part II., 12mo. 5s. 6d.—Daily Readings, by the Author of 'The Listener,' &c. 12mo. 6s.—Royle's Illustrations of the Botany of the Himalayan Mountains, Part VI. imp. 4to. 20s.—Costello's Specimens of the Early French Poets, post 8vo. 21s.—Aldine Poets, Vol. XXXIII. (Butler, Vol. I.) 8s. 5s.—George Herbert's Poems, 8s. 5s.—Ullmeyer, a Poem, post 8vo. 12s.—Flora and Thalia; or, Flowers of Poetry, 10s. 6d.—Sacred Classics, Vol. XVII.—Blundell on the Spylometer, 8vo. 4s. 6d.—Phillips on Naval Signals, 8vo. 9s.—Lardner's Cyclopedia, Vol. LXVI. (Swainson's Zoology, Vol. II.) 8s. 6s.—Store's Fountains Abbey, 4to. 31s. 6d. large paper, 45s.—Valpy's History of England, Vol. XV. 8s.—Pope's Works, Vol. II. 8s. 5s.—Cowper's Life and Works, by the Rev. T. S. Grimshawe, A.M. Vol. III. 8s. 5s.—Transfusion; a novel, by the late W. Godwin, Jun. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.—Sketches and Recollections, by John Poole, Esq. 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.—Elliott's Poems, Vol. III. 8s. 5s.—Spiritual Food for the Spiritual Mind, 18mo. 2s.—Life of Mungo Park, 12mo. 5s.; ditto, 18mo. 3s. 6d.—Notices of the Holy Land, by the Rev. R. Spencer Hardy, 12mo. 9s.—Slade's Parochial Sermons, Vol. III. 12mo. 6s.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR APRIL.

KEPT BY THE ASSISTANT SECRETARY AT THE APARTMENTS OF
THE ROYAL SOCIETY, BY ORDER OF THE PRESIDENT AND COUNCIL.

1835. APRIL.	9 o'clock, A.M.		3 o'clock, P.M.		Dew Point at 9 A.M. in de- grees of Fahr.	External Thermometer.				Rain, in inches. Read off at 9 A.M.	Direction of the Wind at 9 A.M.	REMARKS.
	Barom.	Attach. Therm.	Barom.	Attach. Therm.		Fahrenheit.		Self-registering.				
						9 A.M.	3 P.M.	Lowest.	Highest.			
W 1	29.966	50.0	29.952	53.2	48	54.0	61.3	47.2	62.8		SSW	Fine—light clouds and wind.
T 2	29.881	53.8	29.804	56.4	49	55.7	65.3	48.6	66.2		S	A.M. Fine—light fog. P.M. Overcast. Evening, Light rain.
F 3	29.804	56.8	29.823	59.0	50	56.2	59.4	52.7	61.4		SW	Overcast. Evening, Light rain.
S 4	30.130	54.6	30.148	55.4	48	49.0	52.8	48.0	52.6		ENE	Overcast—light rain and wind.
○ 5	30.214	52.3	30.249	53.7	47	48.0	49.3	45.3	49.2	.094	E	Overcast—light rain and wind.
M 6	30.328	51.3	30.366	54.5	42	48.4	57.0	40.4	57.2	.033	E	{ A.M. Fine and cloudless—light haze. P.M. Lightly overcast. Evening, Fine and clear.
T 7	30.410	50.6	30.352	54.5	42	49.3	59.9	41.8	60.4		E	Fine and cloudless—light haze. Evening, Fine and clear.
W 8	30.344	54.9	30.263	57.0	44	54.3	64.7	43.4	64.7		SW	Fine and cloudless—light haze. Evening, Fine and clear.
T 9	30.210	56.1	30.148	58.9	47	54.7	61.2	45.8	62.6		SSW	Fine—light clouds and wind. Evening, Cloudy.
F 10	30.182	56.7	30.212	59.3	51	55.0	58.2	52.8	58.8		WSW	{ A.M. Overcast—light wind. P.M. Fine—light clouds and wind. Evening, Fine and clear.
S 11	30.348	54.0	30.380	54.8	39	47.3	50.0	41.2	60.8		NE var.	Fine—light clouds and wind. Evening, Fine and clear.
○ 12	30.317	52.2	30.237	54.5	39	46.0	56.2	36.8	55.8		SW	Fine and cloudless—light haze.
○ M 13	30.196	52.7	30.152	55.4	44	49.3	58.7	40.8	61.0		SW	{ A.M. Fine and cloudless—light haze. P.M. Cloudy. Even- ing, Fine and clear.
T 14	30.188	55.6	30.091	57.0	38	53.3	61.5	45.0	61.8		S	Fine and cloudless—light haze.
W 15	29.944	54.7	29.911	56.8	43	49.4	51.0	42.0	59.6		WSW	{ A.M. Thick haze. P.M. Overcast—light brisk wind. Evening, Light rain.
T 16	30.206	48.6	30.130	49.8	26	39.7	46.5	32.8	46.7	.033	NE	A.M. Fine and cloudless—light haze. P.M. Overcast—snow—hail & rain.
F 17	30.186	46.5	30.176	47.3	29	38.0	40.2	30.0	43.8	.144	NE	{ A.M. Fine—light clouds and wind. P.M. Snow—light wind. Evening, Fine and clear.
S 18	30.082	46.3	29.964	48.2	36	44.3	48.0	34.8	49.7		SW	Fine—lightly cloudy. Evening, Overcast—light rain.
○ 19	30.295	49.6	30.358	50.7	34	45.3	51.4	37.0	51.3	.027	NE var.	{ A.M. Fine—light clouds and wind. P.M. Cloudy. Evening, Fine and clear.
M 20	30.473	48.7	30.467	52.4	42	49.8	56.3	44.3	57.3		SW	A.M. Thick haze. P.M. Cloudy—light wind.
T 21	29.462	51.3	30.425	53.9	43	51.2	56.7	45.5	56.9		SW	Cloudy—light rain and wind.
W 22	30.445	52.5	30.420	55.5	47	52.7	58.6	46.0	59.6	.061	NNE	A.M. Fine—light clouds and wind. P.M. Cloudy.
T 23	30.465	55.6	30.402	55.3	42	53.3	53.4	45.2	55.7		WNW	Overcast—light wind.
F 24	30.388	54.0	30.309	56.8	47	52.8	57.4	48.3	59.4		SW	A.M. Thick haze. P.M. Cloudy—light brisk wind.
S 25	30.148	58.0	30.029	56.6	38	52.0	51.5	46.2	55.4		NW var.	Fine—light clouds and wind. Evening, Overcast—light wind.
○ 26	29.718	51.0	29.675	52.3	34	44.4	47.6	40.2	47.8		NW	A.M. Cloudy—brisk wind. P.M. Overcast—hail and light rain.
● M 27	29.631	50.3	29.621	50.6	32	43.4	47.5	34.2	48.2		NE	A.M. Fine and cloudless—light haze & wind. Evening, Cloudy.
T 28	29.835	50.3	29.808	51.4	33	45.4	50.7	34.4	51.2		NE	Fine—light clouds & light brisk wind. Evening, Fine and clear.
W 29	29.679	46.4	29.627	48.8	41	44.4	46.8	39.6	46.6		NNE var.	{ A.M. Overcast—light rain and wind. P.M. Lightly overcast. Evening, Overcast—light steady rain.
T 30	29.528	48.6	29.556	50.6	45	47.2	49.6	41.9	50.2	.677	ENE	{ A.M. Overcast—light steady rain. P.M. Overcast. Evening, Overcast—light steady rain.
MEANS ..	30.133	52.1	30.102	54.0	41.3	49.1	54.3	42.4	55.8	Sum. 1.069		Mean of Barometer, corrected for Capil- } 9 A.M. 3 P.M. larity and reduced to 32° Fahr. } 30.077 30.040

* Height of Cistern of Barometer above a bench-mark on Waterloo Bridge—83 feet 2½ in.—Ditto, above the presumed mean level of the Sea—95 feet.—
External Thermom. is 2 ft. higher than Barom. Cistern.—Height of Receiver of Rain Gauge above the Court of Somerset House—79 feet.

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